

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 1757.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1861.

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**KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.**—The Council of King's College, London, are now ready to receive APPLICATIONS FOR TWO APPOINTMENTS OF ASSISTANT-SURGEONS to King's College Hospital. For particulars apply to J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Secretary of King's College, London.

**KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL.**—Pupils who are leaving other schools at the present time may be admitted to KING'S COLLEGE for the Half Term. H. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

**ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK.**—THE LAST EXHIBITION this season of PLANTS, FLOWERS and FRUIT will take place on WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 3. Tickets to be obtained at the Gardens only, by orders from the Secretary of the Society, price 2s., or on the day of the Exhibition, 7d. each. The Gates open at Two o'clock.

**ARUNDEL SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE KNOWLEDGE OF ART.** 94, OLD BOND-STREET. ON VIEW, daily from Ten till Five, REDUCED WATER-COLOUR COPIES from various Frescoes by Masaccio, Pinturicchio, Francia, &c. Admission Free. Subscription for Annual Publications, 12s. For Prospectuses, and List of Works on Sale, apply to the Assistant-Secretary. JOHN NORTON, Hon. Sec.

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**UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.** MEDICAL AND SURGICAL DEGREES. The Secretary of State for War has intimated to the Senate that the Double Degree of Bachelor of Medicine and Master of Surgery of this University will qualify for the Medical Service of the Army. The same Degree suffices for any other public Medical Service in the Country. 26th June, 1861. ALEXANDER SMITH, Secretary.

**THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND.** NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that on MONDAY, the 15th day of July next, the Senate will proceed to elect EXAMINERS of the following Subjects, and at the Senate stated, to hold such Examinations during the ensuing year as are now, or may be hereafter, appointed by the Senate. The Examinations will BEGIN on the 24th SEPTEMBER NEXT. Salaries commence from the next Quarter-day after Election:—

Natural Philosophy	Salaries.
Chemistry	200
Zoology and Botany	75
Geology, &c.	50
Jurisprudence and Political Economy	40
Law	40
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Medicine	100
Surgery	100
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Application to be made by letter addressed to me, on or before the 15th of July next. Applications received after that day will not be considered. G. JOHNSTONE STONEY, M.A. F.R.S., Secretary. Queen's University, Dublin Castle, June 29, 1861.

**CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.** President, The Right Hon. the Earl of CARLISLE, K.G. SUBSCRIPTION, ONE GUINEA. Subscribers may select to the amount of their Subscription from a variety of Copyright Works of Art, in Ceramic Statuary, Wedgwood Ware, Metal or Photographs, Chromo-Lithographs, &c., with ONE CHANCE FOR EACH GUINEA SUBSCRIBED in the next distribution of Prizes. Specimens on view in the Crystal Palace, and at the Offices of the local Agents. Prospectus forwarded on application to I. WILKINSON, Secretary. N.B. The Subscription List closes in July.

**THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.** Third Season.—THE SECOND CONVERSATIONE ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, July 3rd. Admission from Half-past 7 o'clock. Evening-Dress Tickets are not transferable. Entrance in Regent-street. CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec., 36, Baker-street, Portman-square.

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**PRINTERS' PENSION SOCIETY.**—The ANNUARY FESTIVAL will take place at the LONDON GAVEN, on WEDNESDAY, July 3rd, under the Presidency of T. C. HALIBURTON, Esq., D.C.L. M.P., &c. Tickets, 21s. each, to be had of the Secretary.

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THE COLLEGE will RE-OPEN on the 3rd of AUGUST.

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**TUITION.**—LILLEY RECTORY, Herts.—A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, B.A. Oxon., late Scholar of his College, sometime Second Master in a Public School, wishes to RECEIVE a few SONS of GENTLEMEN, to whom he offers every educational advantage, with the comforts of a Home. Salary, 100 Guineas per Annum, with House and Garden. Lilley is a pretty and healthy village, four miles from a town, and rail an hour from London.

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**CRYSTAL PALACE.—ROSE SHOW.**—The GREAT ROSE SHOW of the Season NEXT SATURDAY, 29th July, will be held in the Crystal Palace, and will be distributed in Prizes for Roses only.

The great success of this show last year, which was attended by nearly a Thousand Persons, has induced the Trustees to render this the most agreeable show of the season. The late fine weather has also been most favourable for the Plants being in the best possible condition.

The Palace will be opened at 10 o'clock, and the barriers inclosing the rose stands will be removed at 10 o'clock precisely. The Show will be continued until 6 o'clock in the evening.

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**MERLET TESTIMONIAL.**—A GENERAL MEETING of Subscribers and others will be held in University College, Upper Gower-street, on THURSDAY, July 4th, at half-past Four o'clock, to receive the Report of the Committee, and to consider the best way of investing, for Professor Merlet's benefit, the sum subscribed. Gentlemen who have not subscribed, but who intend to do so, are extremely requested to send their contributions to the Honorary Secretary, on or before July the 4th. WILLIAM ARTHUR CASE, M.A., Hon. Sec. University College, June 27, 1861.

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**EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CCXXXI.**—ADVERTISEMENTS intended for insertion are requested to be forwarded to the Publishers immediately. ADVERTISEMENTS and BILLS cannot be received later than SATURDAY NEXT.

London: Longman & Co. 39, Paternoster-row.

**THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CCXIX.**—ADVERTISEMENTS for the forthcoming Number must be forwarded to the Publishers by the 6th, and BILLS for insertion by the 8th of July.

London, June 21, 1861.

**THE NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW for JULY, No. XXXVIII.**, price 2s. 6d., contains:—  
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London: Jackson, Walford & Hodder, 18, St. Paul's Churchyard; and Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Stationers' Hall-court.

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**KINGSTON'S MAGAZINE for BOYS, No. XXIX.** for JULY, is published to-day, containing 48 pages of interesting reading, expressly adapted for Boys, and illustrations.

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rian Inscription. By the Rev. Dr. Huxley.

XI. Iphigenia in Tauris: Notes and Emendations. By Prof.

NEWMAN, London.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1861.

LITERATURE

Camillo Benso di Cavour, &c. By Professor Roggero Bonghi. (Turin.)

WHEN a beloved face has been suddenly and violently snatched away from us by death, and we are left gazing on the empty chair, the garments worn but yesterday, the book but lately closed, the half-written letter which no human hand shall ever complete,—it often happens that some crude rough sketch, some meagre photograph, or smooth meaningless miniature, is the only remaining portrait of the features of our dead. In such a case, the image, hitherto without character or value in our sight, suddenly assumes a worth and significance not its own. It is our *only* one; and in those first hours of solitude it talks to us with the familiar voice of our friend,—looks out upon us with his well-known smile,—sits down and rises up with us, and is as dear as if a treasure of Art had been lavished on the likeness. Just such an exceptional value has, within the last few days, been conferred, in Italy, on the short memoir of Count Cavour, by Professor Bonghi, now before us. Italy has just lost her wisest lawgiver, her truest defender, her dearest son, in the mighty statesman whose political life it records. The telegraph-wires throughout Europe are bearing the tidings of such a passion of enthusiastic and universal sorrow for his loss, displayed by every class of society, throughout every province of the peninsula, as has rarely, and never surely with deeper reason, overshadowed a nation's face. Every Italian city and town, nay, almost every village from the Alps to Etna, has had its address of condolence and sympathy with the popular grief posted on its walls by the notables of the place. Everywhere have funeral services, more or less imposing, been celebrated for the repose of that soul whose vast energies were poured forth without stint or rest, even to the sundering of flesh and spirit, to infuse new blood into his regenerate country. Such a national rush of feeling and the accompanying eagerness for every slightest record of the precious life so quickly extinguished, have had the natural effect of making Professor Bonghi's book a scarce one, although of course only for the short time required to bring out another edition of it. At Florence, indeed, a week after Cavour's death, scarcely a copy of the work was to be had, and the same thing is said to have occurred in most of the other Italian towns.

Published a year ago, at a time when the illustrious helmsman of Italian regeneration stood triumphant in his high position as Prime Minister of the new kingdom, the very incarnation of political genius, sagacity and indomitable resolve, this memoir is doubtless a very differently-executed portrait of Cavour from what it would have been if written now, when death has placed him in a more single light and on far higher ground than while still among us, working out his grand projects on a level with the eyes of friends and foes. Professor Bonghi has, it is true, little or nothing of the inborn pictorial power of the skilful biographer who, in sketchy flowing outline, or elaborately minute detail, prints the image of his hero and his surroundings, bodily and mental, on the mind of the reader. As a distinguished Hellenist, an elegant and erudite translator of Aristotle and Plato, the Professor has attained a literary reputation of considerable note in Italy. But he brings to his task as a biographer no rarer qualification than an

honest industry in collecting the facts of the political life of the great Italian statesman, for whom his admiration is devoted and entire, and a sincere and successful effort to prove that one of the main causes of the unexampled success of his policy was that wise moderation and quietly progressive action upon the course of events which were Cavour's most heinous sins in the eyes of his Republican opponents, and his most deadly weapon against Austrian influence.

In default of such a biography of Cavour as is demanded by the lofty position he held and the noble work he all but accomplished, we shall draw upon the sources at our own command for such a slight and hasty outline of his career as may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Camillo Benso di Cavour was born at Turin, on the 10th of August, 1810, in that same ancestral palace whose portals were so lately crowded with a weeping throng of men, women and children of all ranks, waiting wistfully for hours to see the bulletin of the dying minister's illness. Great men's mothers have a proverbial claim on our interest, and one would fain know something beyond her mere name of Adelaide Susanna Sellon, the then Marchesa di Cavour; but nothing is to be gleaned respecting her, further than that she was a Genevese lady, and that her sister married into a noble French family. Her husband, the Marchese Michael Joseph, seems by the faint glimpses one can gain of him to have belonged to a very common type of Piedmontese nobles of that day, proud, prejudiced and bigoted; a staunch partisan of the Jesuits and divine right. He was for many years *Vicario* (Governor) of the city of Turin,—an unenviable distinction it would seem, for no small share of the popular hatred towards a mean, capricious and tyrannical Government was bestowed on the Marchese in his official capacity as one of the right-hand men of the court, where indeed his unbounded reverence for the royal prerogative led him, as is recorded, "to make a full report of everything" (that occurred in the city) "to Charles Albert himself," then Prince of Carignan, during Camillo's boyhood. A sort of head commissary of police, in short, we may suppose, to that gloomy and suspicious King, who was driven ever at random by fierce and contrary impulses towards opposite points of the political compass, and whose martyr death alone made noble atonement for his blind guidance of his country while living. Was there ever a stranger and more ungenial nest for the rearing of the young eaglet, whose name was destined to be the watchword of Liberty, than this ancestral palace of the ancient family of the Cavours, during the reign of Charles Albert, and under the parental sway of Don Michele, Vicario of the city of Turin!

The young Camillo was educated, like most of the boy-nobles of Piedmont, at the military college of Turin, and at the age of eighteen held the grade of lieutenant of engineers. But a military education was very distasteful to him from the outset. The current of powerful impulses he felt within him set in a totally opposite direction. He longed for more serious studies than the mechanical rules of drill and fortification. The work and play of garrison life were too coarse and superficial for his subtle and wide-grasping intellect; and above all, the shadow cast over him by the unpopular conduct of his father, with whose ill deeds the son was unjustly credited in the public mind, made this opening period of Cavour's life a restless and unhappy one. When just ten years old, for a very short time

he had been page to King Charles Felix, the father of Charles Albert, but this high honour, conferred on him out of regard for his father's attachment to the royal family, so little suited the boy's independent nature, prompt and cutting of speech, and impatient of empty etiquette, that he was speedily dismissed by the King as too intractable for his service, and loudly declared his satisfaction at the event, exclaiming that he felt as though he had shaken off the load of a pack-saddle.

In the year 1831, when Italy was teeming with revolutionary societies, and the spirit of nationality was continually manifesting itself in outbursts of rash but gallant resistance to the tyranny of the legitimist princes, Cavour made his first public profession of faith, in a few words of frank and spirited liberalism, which were reported at head-quarters, and made a pretext for sending the dangerous lieutenant a *quasi* prisoner to the fortress of Bard. Soon afterwards, however, he left the army, and for a considerable time quitted Italy, where the spasmodic social life of all that was best and noblest at that time, with its alternations of forced calm and convulsive effort, was the very last medium in which his practical activity and cool, wary judgment could find their fitting sphere. And truly we may be excused for feeling a touch of national pride at the thought that the great minister's first important self-training was carried on among us, and that the substance of our English liberties grew thenceforward the model after which, when, at a later period, he entered public life, he boldly sketched the masterly project of Italy's redemption. Many and many a time, in the stormy years that followed, was the statesman *en herbe* maliciously taunted by his political opponents with newspaper sneers for his unswerving faith in England and her free institutions, by the nickname of *Milord Camillo*. The lessons learned during those apprentice days,—when he was writing, in very pure and energetic French, such review-articles as that 'On the Present State of Ireland, and her Future,' and that 'On Communism, and the Best Way to Combat its Development,'—were never destined to fade out or be forgotten. Indeed, there was much that was English in the quality and tendency of his mind: its clear-sighted earnestness, cool perseverance, and aversion alike to the hallucinations of cloudy theories and to that subversive and revolutionary mode of dealing with difficulties, by which, as he truly said, "Nature never works out *her* conclusions."

At the time of his return from England—now above twenty years ago—Cavour stood almost alone among his countrymen in his reverence for what he called "the wonderful fabric of the English Constitution," and in his sagacious appreciation of the political measures best fitted to reduce the inflammatory agitation of Ireland, whose wrongs and sufferings the Italian patriots were wont to make their text for passionate declamation against the despotic misrule of the English Government. It is, also, interesting to observe, from a passage in his paper on the State of Ireland, how keenly, yet with what a breadth of unprejudiced moderation, this young Piedmontese aristocrat—then a voluntary exile for freedom's sake—sketches the character of the great English Tory Minister, whom young Italy held up to execration as little better than satanic:—

We are apt [says he], in general, to form a very false judgment of this great statesman. It is a grave error to imagine him the upholder of abuse and oppression, and place him on a level with an Eldon or a Polignac. Far otherwise. Pitt acted

up to the enlightenment of his day; but the son of Lord Chatham was neither the partisan of despotism nor the champion of religious intolerance. His vast and powerful spirit loved power, but only as the means to an end. He entered on political life in opposition to the retrograde Ministry of Lord North, and scarcely had he come into power when one of his first acts was to proclaim the necessity for Parliamentary Reform. True, Pitt had not one of those fervid souls which are carried away by a passionate desire to promote the great interests of humanity; and which, when those interests are in peril, never stop to glance either at the obstacles which lie in the way or to think of the mischief their zeal may cause. He was not one of those who would fain remodel society from top to bottom by the help of general ideas and philanthropic theories. His intellect was profound, cold and unprejudiced, and its only animating principle was the love of fame and of his country. . . . Had he continued to hold the reins of government in a more tranquil time of peace, he too would have been a reformer like Peel and Canning, uniting the boldness and breadth of the one with the wisdom and tact of the other. But when he saw the hurricane of the French Revolution surge up the sky, with the perspicacity which belongs to minds of towering stature, he foresaw the ruin which would be caused by the triumph of the demagogic principle and the danger to which it would give rise in England. He stopped short at once in his plans of reform, and sought to provide against the crisis that was at hand. He saw that in presence of that movement of revolutionary ideas which threatened to invade England, it would have been rashness to lay hands on the sacred Ark of the Constitution, and to weaken the respect in which the nation held it, by attempting at that moment to restore the injured portions of the time-hallowed fabric. From the day when the Revolution, overflowing the confines of the country of its birth, began to menace Europe, Pitt had but one aim: to stand in the breach against France, by preventing ultra-democratic ideas from making way in England. To this paramount interest he devoted all his sum of talents; to this he sacrificed every other political consideration.

Such views as these naturally placed Cavour, on his return to Italy, in an unfavourable light in the eyes of the Revolutionary party as his hearty adherence to English Liberal institutions rendered him hateful to the Jesuitico-military despotism then ruling paramount in Piedmont.

At the same time, his attempts to give an impulse to the moral and intellectual improvement of the Piedmontese people, by lending assistance in the establishment of agricultural societies and *Asili infantili* (asylums for destitute children), made him an object of fear and dislike to the Government and Court party. His aid was received with coldness and distrust by those who presided over the inadequate institutions of the kind which were set on foot; and although he was for a short time one of the Directors of the *Asili infantili*, before long the President, Signor Cesare Saluzzo, requested him, "in the interest of the society," to take his name off the books, as his reputation for ultra-liberalism might prove prejudicial to the institution! In 1851, when his fame as a statesman was rapidly growing to its fullness, Cavour alluded to this circumstance in one of his admirable speeches to the Chambers, and remarked upon it, with a quiet touch of humour which called forth laughter from both sides of the House, "And yet . . . I was not such a great Revolutionist after all!"

The year 1847 was big with the signs of approaching storm for Italy, with its Scientific Congresses, its attempts at tardy reform by the Governments of the different States, and the literary works of Balbo, D'Azeglio and Gioberti, from which the aspiration after freedom breathed out with unprecedented boldness, and

ran from heart to heart, scattering a train of fire as it passed. Then came the death of Gregory, the unexpected election of Pius to the Papal throne, and his strange assumption of the still stranger character of a revolutionary and reforming Pope, which took its rise from a medley of weak and inconsistent feelings—timidity of disposition, love of praise, and superstitious self-confidence, joined to a childish incapacity to measure the extent or direction of the mighty forces his breath set in motion. It was in the autumn of 1847 that Charles Albert at length, tardily and unwillingly, relaxed his grasp upon the liberty of the press; and two months later Cavour, together with a few friends of high literary reputation, set on foot their Liberal journal, *Il Risorgimento*, whose political mission was to preach the destruction of Austrian influence in Italy by the confederation of her princes; the carrying out of fundamental political and social reforms, and the adoption of constitutional forms of government throughout the Peninsula. Looking back from where we now stand to that winter of '47, how strange, how almost laughably incongruous, were not the smile dashed with sadness, shows that signature of Camillo Benso di Cavour appended, with a host of others, to a petition addressed to King Ferdinand of Naples, that he would be graciously pleased to follow in the steps of Pope Pius and Grand-Duke Leopold of Tuscany, seeing that His Majesty Charles Albert had also made up his royal mind to adopt "the policy of foresight, of forgiveness, of civilization, and of Christian charity"! What a choice train of royal masqueraders at the high festival of national regeneration, and how fearfully the parts of some among the crowned mummers were to be played out before the noble hand which penned that signature was cold in the grave!

With the memorable '48 came the first articulate utterances of the popular will, thundered in the ears of these chary conceders of shreds and fragments of liberty, while liberty was yet petitioned for as a boon, not demanded as a right. In the first month of that year a deputation went up to Turin from Genoa to demand of the King the enrolment of the National Guard and the expulsion of the Jesuits from Piedmont. A great meeting was held at Genoa for the purpose of drawing up this demand. All the editors of the Liberal journals were present, and among them, in his quality of editor of the *Risorgimento*, the future Premier, whose piercing eye more clearly divined the onward progress of the popular movement than those of his shorter-sighted friends, and who foresaw that the gain of a few such concessions painfully wrested from the King was far less important than the loss of a hold upon the ever-rising and newly-unbridled passions of the people which such a confession of weakness would be sure to entail. "Of what use are such reforms!" cried he. "Demands like these, if granted, only trouble the country and diminish the moral authority of the Government. Rather demand a Constitution. If the Government cannot go on upon the basis on which it has hitherto reposed, let it have another more suitable to the temper of the time and to the progress of civilization before it be too late, and all social authority be dissolved and dashed down headlong by popular tumult!"

Only three of his hearers assented to this bold and wise proposition,—Azeglio, Santa Rosa, and Durando; three names to be held in honour for their courage in standing aloof from the attraction of the mighty wave of popular enthusiasm in the hope of guiding its headlong impulses to more effectual success. "Certain it is," says Prof. Bonghi, relating the circumstance,

"that a little later the Constitution was granted perforce to the demands of the municipalization and the clamours of the mob, after the fashion of that given by Ferdinand of Naples!"

Cavour's parliamentary career began in that same eventful spring of '48. The medium in which he wrought at first was antagonistic, not to the ends he had in view, but to the means he deemed necessary for their attainment. It was the Revolution year, and the men of the Revolution were sure to carry with them the fullness of popular sympathy. Hardly a speech of any importance was uttered at that time by Cavour in the Chambers, especially when the Republican party had gathered strength and influence in the ill-fated struggle with Austria, and Cavour's opposition to Gioberti and strenuous defence of the royal prerogative had put the finishing stroke to his unpopularity, without interruption from the hisses, cries, and ironical applause of the crowd that filled the gallery. Those very Turinese, who kneeling and sobbing kissed the hem of the pall which covered his coffin as it passed through the city only a few days back, would see nothing then, in their false idol, but a hybrid cross between their bigoted old noblesse and the modern progressists, and took delight in trying to disconcert that calm, astute, broad-browed face, with the half-sarcastic, half-humorous smile coming and going on its mobile lips, as he bated not one jot of argument or rejoinder for all their clamours. On one remarkable occasion, a few days after a scene of the kind, in which his composure had been tried to the verge of endurance, and the President had been compelled to insist on the noisy throng of visitors retiring from the gallery, he sorely disappointed his would-be tormentors, by a few words of simple and dignified self-reliance. "I am not to be scared from speaking by unseemly disturbance," said he. "What I believe to be the truth, that I will speak out despite interruptions. If you compel me to break off, you insult not me but the Chamber, and I only share the insult in common with every one of my colleagues. Having told you thus much, I shall proceed;" and he took up the thread of his argument unmoved where he had left it. So strong had the democratic element become in 1849, under the new Gioberti ministry, that Cavour lost his seat in parliament, and once more made the *Risorgimento* his medium of reproof and warning against the perilous reaction which too surely waits upon mob law, and the continuance of that anomalous and ruinous state of affairs in Piedmont which made peace and war alike impossible with empty coffers and raging party feuds for ever at work on the vitals of the country.

Once again, after the fall of Gioberti, the Parliament was dissolved, and this time Cavour was returned, and became the leader of the Right or Conservative, as Rattazzi was of the Left or Radical, side of the House. That year saw the disastrous downfall of all the new-blown hopes of Italy at Novara; the abdication of Charles Albert, worn out with heart-sickness and superstitious terrors; the triumphs of Austria at home and abroad; the penitent awakening of Pope Pius from his fatuous, rose-coloured dream of playing at Reform, and his terrified retreat into the Imperial arms at Gaeta, there to exchange the embrace of reconciliation wherein "Mankind is crushed to death." On every side, except in Piedmont, were restorations, foreign military occupations, Jesuitism and divine right hand in hand.

The Marchese d'Azeglio was now at the head of affairs and of a Liberal ministry, striving hard and conscientiously to stop the perilous leaks and piece the storm-rent sails of the battered vessel of the State. Many and important



reforms were afoot, and on every such new question the voice of Cavour was heard bravely upholding the cause of constitutional liberty and strengthening the hands of the ministry in their struggle with reactionary coercion from without, and republican opposition from within. It was not, however, till the autumn of 1850 that Cavour joined the Azeglio Administration, on the death of his dear and intimate friend Count Santarosa, to whom, it may be remembered, the priest party of Turin denied the last consolations of religion on his death-bed, for having brought forward in parliament measures for the suppression of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and a more equitable distribution of church revenues in Piedmont.

From that time, with very few and short intervals, Count Cavour continued to hold in his potent grasp the destinies of the small kingdom which, under his guidance, has grown into the new and glorious Italy which now is. He began his administration by a masterstroke, —the aid lent to England and France in the Crimean war, which won for little Piedmont the right to plead her own cause at the Congress of Paris. Commercial, agricultural, and financial improvement on a great scale followed hard on this victory over Austrian influence; the marriage of Victor Emmanuel's daughter to Prince Napoleon welded the French alliance, and the blind and headstrong self-confidence of Austria led Italy and France side by side into that wonderful campaign of '59 which closed at Villafranca. The ignorant obstinacy of the Italian princes, meanwhile, working marvellously to the same end as the valour and self-government of the various peoples of the Peninsula, brought about the liberation of the Central States. Garibaldi carried Sicily and Naples in the face of seeming impossibilities by his grand and fabulous *coup de main*; the royal armies swept triumphant through the Marches and Umbria, and Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed king of twenty-five millions of subjects.

It was Cavour who within the space of those few years, so few that they seem to give hardly breath enough for the mere mapping out of his vast plan, carried the work on, nothing doubting, never taking a step backwards as long as life lasted, to the very threshold of completion.

Not in all that time did he swerve a hair's breadth from his grand design, although temptation and intimidation were rife on every side; but with a wisdom, a lofty foresight, a stainless patriotism, unrivalled in the annals of all time, he converted the conflicting elements of opposition into the means of success. He was still found prepared for every contingency; ready to take into his own hands by turns, with equal skill, every branch of the administration, nay, holding, if need were, the portfolios of several at one and the same time: a consummate diplomat among diplomats, loving power, but loving the honour of his gallant master better still, and Italy best of all. Confident in the existence of a remedy for every evil, gifted to an almost unequalled degree with that finest tact which discerns, as if by inspiration, the moment for applying a force, and the point to which the force should be applied, he worked from first to last on a system of *inductive* policy, availing himself, indeed, of the convulsive lever-strokes of revolution, but never yielding up his work to the fickle and tremendous impulse whose unfruitful course he characterized so prophetically, in the November of 1848, in the following noble passage, printed in the *Risorgimento*, at a time when nine-tenths of his countrymen were devoutly looking to revolutionized France for aid and example:—

An ignorant and unprincipled party has raised

itself on the basis of a chimerical hope as old as history itself, and as suicidal as the blindest egotism. It finds opposed to it science, natural affection, man's individual well-being, the family tie, every fundamental law of the human race..... What matter! It has a living faith in revolution; it means to attain its end; it is sure of victory, and the 24th of June is the result of its projects. French blood flows in torrents. France awakens on the verge of an abyss, and hastily strives to put down the new madness. What has been the upshot? We were trying after a *democratic and social* republic; we held in our grasp the germs of many an idea which, if peacefully developed by ordinary means, would probably have ripened into some new form of scientific progress. And instead, we have at Paris the state of siege; in Piedmont, a slow and hesitating mediation; at Naples, a disgraceful cordiality between the Envoy of the Republic and the Bourbon tyrant; and we shall soon see the crowning result of the revolutionary means in Louis Napoleon on the throne!

There is no need for us to point the moral, nor to inveigh against the continuance of French intervention and occupation of Rome, which followed as a natural consequence of this portentous conclusion. Sufficient proof of the truth and wisdom of the great statesman's views in his progressive and constitutional labour of regeneration in Italy lies in the almost instinctive abhorrence in which his influence was held by the grand masters of retrogradism and priestcraft in the despotic governments of Europe, and the readiness and suppleness with which, as lately in Naples, they seek the fellowship of that ultra-revolutionary party, whose attacks upon the Italian Premier's popularity and plans of action were unceasing while he lived, and whose virulent enmity, by complicating the perplexities of his way and irritatingly drawing upon his mighty intellect for ever more exhausting efforts, may be said without exaggeration to have been powerfully instrumental in bringing about the catastrophe of his untimely death.

Who shall say by how fearful an effort he compelled his will to the cession of Nice and Savoy,—ungenerously forced upon him—at the sacrifice even, perhaps, of much self-approval, and assuredly of much popular estimation—as the peremptory condition of that Italian unity which was the labour of his life?

Not a few English readers who have had the good fortune to hear Count Cavour in parliamentary debate can testify to the rare power of his somewhat brief and imperious tone; the well-defined *pose* that he gave to the question in hand, the stores of knowledge he poured out in its illustration; his clear, unaffected, pithy, *eminently English* style of argument; his rapid, trenchant, often witty rejoinder; the *bonhomie* and simplicity of his look on ordinary occasions; the fiery sparkle of the eye, the ever-varying expression of the mouth, the restless motion of the hand among the papers before him when strongly moved, and especially while watching the attack of one of his more redoubtable assailants, and choosing the vulnerable point for the home-thrust he was sure to have in store.

And if his distinguishing peculiarities in debate were eagerly learnt by heart by friends and foes in the Chambers, his fellow townsmen of a lower rank had no less deciphered the signs of satisfaction or displeasure which passed over his usually cheery face as he returned daily—almost always on foot—from the Bureaux of the Ministry to his own house. When his hands hung listless at his sides, there was danger in the wind; and the small, but bright and penetrating, eye was even then seeking a way out of the difficulty. If the hands, on the contrary, were briskly

rubbed together as he walked, the way had been found, and a clear vista opened, to further triumphs. In society he was remarkable for courteous affability and aristocratic polish of manner. His private friendships were many and close. As a master and a landlord, he was fairly idolized by his inferiors, and the numerous tenants on his large family estates, in the province of Vercelli, not to speak of the great mass of the Italian people who, during the spring of 1860, in his rapid journeys through the newly-annexed provinces, received him with acclamations of passionate gratitude and admiration such as have rarely been the meed of any man in any country. How well they knew the pleasant, sagacious, smiling face! How they pressed upon him, and stretched their arms towards him, and lifted him almost bodily out of his carriage, and half smothered him in flowers as he sat, with wild, excited, breathless cries of "Cavour! Cavour!"—as if that name needed no *vivas* tacked to it to make its fame immortal!

And what was the nature of the fatal disease which in so very few days,—some five or six,—put out this most precious life? The answers to the anxious query are so various and so vague, that one can hardly wonder at the opinion, prevalent among the lower orders of Italians during the first hours of sorrowful, half-stupefied amazement at the terrible news, that foul play had been used by the enemies of Italian liberty to compass so immense a loss to the cause. But the Medicean retorts no longer simmer in the secrecy of the Uffizi Palace, the laboratories of the Vatican, or the palace-fortress of Ferrara, with colourless and tasteless death-draughts for unwary reformers. Popular tradition still preserves however the memory of such horrible and lawless doings, and in every city of Italy on occasion of a national loss like that recently endured, muttered hints of "poison" and "treachery" are sure to be heard among the people. At first, Count Cavour's death-sickness was said to have been apoplexy; then typhoid fever; then brain fever with a typhoid character; lastly, gastritis complicated by a mixture of the other two maladies. For either of these diseases, except the first and in some cases not even for that, the unmerciful bleeding to which the sufferer was subjected was surely a grave error. It is objected that at Turin especially, and generally throughout Italy, the system of copious bleeding is safely applied to a degree which would appear the height of rashness to the faculty of other countries. But certain it is, that at Florence at least, after reading the symptoms of the case and the thrice-repeated bleeding of the patient, and judging of its almost certain effects upon a nervous system greatly worn by hard work and anxiety, the medical world was as much oppressed by gloomy forebodings of the result, as could have been their brethren of London or Paris. The three subsequent bleedings hardly seemed to make the prospect worse in their eyes; they already regarded Cavour as a dead man. Doubtless his physicians prescribed for him to the utmost of their skill; it is also a well-known fact that the Count when attacked, as he sometimes was, by slight symptoms of gastritis was accustomed to have recourse to bleeding on his own responsibility, without medical advice. Still his nearest relatives were unaware of his being at all seriously ill up to the evening of the 3rd of June, and on the morning of the 5th his life was despaired of. The question is, whether more and better advice should not have been insisted on in those first days; and if it be true, as there is only too good reason to believe it is, that when it was proposed to

admit an eminent physician from another part of Italy to consultation with the three already in attendance, the answer was, "It is not the custom of *Casa Cavour* (the Cavour family) to call in strange doctors," a heavy weight of responsibility lies now at the door of the utterers. Old-world prejudice and narrow routine are yet as the breath of life to many of the ancient noble families of Italy, especially of *upper Italy*, and the privileges of the family physician are as indisputable in their eyes as those of the family director, at the sick bed of any member of it. That Count Cavour had "come out from among" his kindred in all that concerns man's inner life from a very early age we need not be at the pains to prove, but it is just possible that something of the bent of early habit may have led him to acquiesce in this old semi-fatalism; yet where such a life as his was at stake, if it were indeed known to be at stake, the patient's own objections should surely have been waived or overruled.

If ever death-bed scene was dignified and touching, that of the great Italian statesman, called away from his work while so much yet remained to do, was surely so. The details of those last days, those last words, those last leave-takings, were very moving, although, as Count Cavour died unmarried, the sundering of the most sweet and sacred ties of home was not among the points of the picture.

But in this case the old common-place tombstone eulogy, "he died as he had lived," became most literally and strictly true. He died like the champions of old time,

With cuirass braced  
And lance in rest,

faithful to his trust to the last flicker of existence. How characteristic of the man was what we read of the determined effort with which, after those first merciless bleedings, he threw himself once more, though but for a few hours, into the routine of toil in which his latter years were passed, as though with a feverish foreboding anxiety to do something more, something however small, for Italy! After the first attack we were told that "he wrote, transacted business, and received visitors whose affairs were urgent." And here it should be said that, from first to last of his career, his greatness never stooped to the "insolence of office" which delights in the crowded ante-chamber, the audience long delayed and at last grudgingly doled out. No petty officer nor syndic of some humble village nested far off among the Alpine valleys was ever harassed by weary waiting, nor silenced by careless coldness from the Minister whose aid he came to seek. Cavour was courteous with all; helpful to all; generous and charitable in the largest sense of the words; and, while despatching a load of business vast enough to break the sinews of a less vigorous and choicely-tempered intellect, seemed ever to have leisure and attention for the business in hand. Much of the captivation which he exercised over all who approached him, whether friends or suitors, may have been, and doubtless was, owing to his graceful and polished manner, the immense stores of knowledge which he knew how to use so unostentatiously, and the stamp of the *grand seigneur* which gave distinction to his homely person. But much assuredly depended on the attraction of the more precious qualities of the heart, which drew around him such a treasure of devoted friendship as few men in power have ever been blessed with.

On the 4th of June, long after the typhoid symptoms had declared themselves (as how should they not under such a course of treatment!), we read of another characteristic little

scene in the chamber of sickness. A Capuchin friar, of tried liberalism, and a trusty friend of Cavour, was beside him, just about to bestow without special confession that absolution which the Church holds indispensable to the dying, and which the sick man had probably demanded from a kindly touch of thoughtful indulgence for the somewhat bigoted belief of his nearest of kin. Looking up into the friar's agitated face, with something of the flickering play of feature which in the Chambers was so often the signal of rough weather to his eloquent Republican adversary, Brofferio, Cavour remarked, "So then, my friend, you do think me an honest man after all!" And the absolution was forthwith bestowed.

All that day and the next, though there was an occasional glimmering hope through the conventional formulas of the medical bulletins, friends came and went with words of comfort, which rang hollowly in the ears of both speakers and listeners. Five times in one day the Paris telegraph repeated the inquiries dictated by Imperial anxiety. The deputies engaged in debate at the Chambers petitioned the President for hourly official accounts of the state of their illustrious colleague. The King came hurrying from his country palace to Turin, and the throng which filled the street in front of the Cavour palace conversed in low tones, as if afraid of disturbing the quiet of the sick-room.

The dying statesman meanwhile was calm and even cheerful, except in the rare intervals of dreamy stupor which came over him. He probably saw clearly the approaching end, which he had strength to face without repining. It was only when striving in the meshes of delirium, that fragments of the great familiar thoughts and projects of a lifetime found utterance in broken words whose pathos was irresistible. "No, no!" he muttered rapidly, "No state of siege! none, I say!" and then, with ironical emphasis, "Any one can rule by such means as those!" And far in the course of his last night on earth, among a rambling string of incoherent whispers, came forth, clear and articulate, the words—"Rome, Venice! . . . No fear now!" It was half-past seven on the evening of the 5th when the priest bearing the last sacraments, with the usual accompaniments of nasal chaunting and flaring tapers, made his way through the dense crowd into the palace. Then at last the Turinese citizens knew that all hope was over, and eye-witnesses of the scene which followed testify to the tears which ran hotly down the bearded cheeks of many and many a man of the lower classes, who knew the Count only as the saviour of Italy. Many were there, too, who wept for him as the large-hearted, open-handed noble gentleman, who never turned away his ear from the poor man's petition; for if Cavour was bitterly hated by a few, he was deeply loved and revered by the immense majority of his countrymen; and if great part of that love and reverence was necessarily given to him as a grand political leader, the *whole* of the hatred, with its malignant calumnies and jealousies, was rooted in the same fierce and unscrupulous political element as well.

It sends a thrill to every English heart to read, that amid the affectionate cares lavished by friendly hands upon the dying man, the most brotherly and sacred were left to those of our own countryman, the British Minister at Turin, Sir James Hudson. We are told that he stayed by him through the whole of that last mournful day and night, supported him in his arms through the faintness of the death-agony, and, finally, laid down the unconscious head in that rest which no clamours nor in-

trigues of friends or foes should evermore disturb, exclaiming, as he struck his clenched hand on the table, with a bitter energy which scorched up the tears, "There goes the life of the greatest statesman of Europe!"

In the first hours of the night the King too, unaccompanied and unannounced, entered the chamber of the dying Minister, who was the first to observe his presence there. The friends and attendants watching by the sick-bed retired and left them alone together; the door was closed; and of the solemn leave-taking which followed none can give us the details. What words of passionate gratitude and loyal promise were uttered by the Sovereign,—what broken but wise and prophetic counsel by the Statesman, it is not hard to imagine. Was there any word of apprehension for the future or regret for estrangement in the past, on the one hand,—or of warning against rash impulses, or the insidious temporizing of false friends, on the other?—who shall say? When the door was opened, and King Victor, stooping over the bed and holding the cold hands in his with an attempt at cheerfulness, bade his friend and minister farewell, promising to return and see him early the next morning, Cavour faintly smiled, shook his head, and answered in a weak voice—"Thanks, Sire, for this new proof of your goodness, but *we shall meet no more*;" and so lifted the King's hand to his lips and kissed it. At which the King with a burst of sorrow exclaimed against the foreboding, and bending down pressed him again and again in his arms, and left his face all wet with tears. At four o'clock in the morning, when the King according to his promise returned to the door of that chamber, Cavour lay insensible in the last hard struggle for life, and it was almost by force that the Sovereign was prevented from entering.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 6th of June, Dr. Riberi, one of the three physicians in attendance, descended the palace stairs and announced to the mass of people gathered in the courtyard and before the doors, that all was over; that the noble Camillo Benzo di Cavour had breathed his last a few moments before, in the fifty-second year of his age. It is said that the shadow of despair which fell over the whole city with that announcement could be likened to nothing but the consternation felt on the arrival of those despatches which told of the fatal defeat of Novara in 1849.

The great man for whom requiems are being chanted even yet in every township of Italy, of whom monumental statues are being modelled, and memorials treasured up far and near, lies buried in the vault of the little chapel of the family villa of Santena. The King, eager to bestow the highest honour in his gift on the illustrious man to whom he owes his kingdom, would have had him lie at the Superga, where none but the members of the Royal House of Savoy are buried. The Count's family, however, rejected the offer, probably because "*Casa Cavour*" dislikes breaking through its habits even after death!

The mass was sung; the people lamented; the Chambers condoled. Then, a new Minister presided over the Council; new emergencies demanded new combinations; and popular terrors grew fainter and popular hopes brighter, when removed from the immediate presence and atmosphere of death. It is well that it should be so. But if the shade of consternation cast by the sudden calamity has in a great measure already passed away from the face of the nation, an anxious forethought yet saddens and sobers all thinking minds in Italy—and in Europe—respecting the accomplishment of the vast scheme of Italian regeneration, whose every clue lay in the right hand



that has lost its cunning. To demand two such men as Cavour of one country, in one generation, were to look for a miracle not likely to be granted. And who but Cavour could have done the work as he did it? A shade less of firmness; a sparkle more of irascibility; a little less skill, pliability and coolness; a trifle more self-assertion, rashness, or even enthusiasm, on his part, had in all probability left the union of Italy a beautiful Utopia among the dreams of Gioberti and Mazzini.

But there is comfort in thinking that though the master's hand only could rough-hew the design, yet less skilful workmen, so they be true to their trust, may suffice to carry it to completion; and we have the means of knowing that Cavour himself regarded his especial work as *done*—the work, that is, of raising Italy to her place of honour among the nations. Her final redemption, he thought, would be, as he wished that it should be, the work of time; for well he knew that nothing but the long stern training of a series of struggles, sometimes even unsuccessful ones, can make her strong enough to win and wise enough to keep the full measure of her national independence.

*The Poems of Catullus.* Translated into English Verse, with an Introduction and Notes, by Theodore Martin. (Parker, Son & Bourn.)

Few poets, and least of all those of the lyric and amatory strain, can be fairly estimated apart from the circumstances of their times. What that middle period of the first century B.C. was, when the fermenting and corrupt elements of Roman society were settling to the inevitable Empire, is sufficiently known to make a lengthy reference to it needless. "Sitôt," says Montesquieu, "que les Romains furent corrompus, leurs désirs devinrent immenses." In the loss of that old simplicity and order which had counted, as Curius said, that land not little that could maintain a man; when the century could regard all posts as honourable and served ungrudgingly as a private soldier, Republican Government had become impossible. The censorship was abolished by the preponderance of those whom it should have chastized; respect for age and office, reverence for parents, sanctity of nuptial ties, consideration between masters and servants, had disappeared. The rich were richer and the poor poorer; and, while the former grew more corrupt and venal in the monstrous extravagance which the plunder of a province could not satisfy, the poor became naturally and emphatically that dangerous class which freemen will become when kept off the land and interdicted from the pursuits of industry which a servile race monopolizes. To quiet them they were bribed and fed, and the cynic of Xenophon's Banquet had many an unconscious exponent in the days of Cicero and Caesar. "Poverty gave power; the beggar was as a king; he could threaten, and need fear no threats from his betters," at any rate in Rome itself. In the provinces he fared worse; but still, better than the wealthier objects of a pretor's cupidity. In Plato's Republic, acceptance of gifts by a magistrate is death; the little presents permitted some time earlier at Rome, were despised by the lordly owners of the mansions of Baïæ; and Sallust and Lucullus, laden with the spoils of the East, were not ashamed to talk philosophy or write cynical condemnations of their own times in the midst of splendours wrung from tributaries, to whom Rome proved a bitter stepmother.

When office is sought only for plunder, and monopolized by a Sulla or Cinna, a Marius or Caesar, the contempt of social order shows itself

in nothing more than in a shameless profligacy. Rome in that century was, perhaps, as incontinent as under the Empire, when even the decorous Augustus was reluctant to punish, and the Lex Julia forbade the accusation of a woman unless her husband too was accused of favouring her irregularities. The marriage contract was torn with little difficulty, and if the husband avenged himself for the destruction of his domestic tribunal by sending his wife a bill of divorce when on a journey, the lady found it at least as easy to rid herself of the marriage vow by means palpable enough. Cæsar has been commended for his pharisaical phrase about "Cæsar's wife," in connexion with that ugly affair of Clodius and the rites of the Bona Dea; but, Pompeia's guilt or innocence apart (and Cæsar professed belief in Clodius's *alibi*), the case only proves how dangerously easy divorces had become.

An ugly affair truly. The Alcibiades of Rome, graceful and wicked, Clodius, quæstor and senator, sated with all known licence, would cull the fruits of impious pleasure, and stain the mysteries that, perhaps, alone of the so-called sanctities of the time, provoked no smile. The story of the conniving maid, of the disguise aided by the beardless cheek, the wrong direction taken in the labyrinth of the palace, the shrieks of women and the veil hastily cast over the goddess, is told by Cicero. The judges reaped a harvest. The sacrilege was unpunished. Cicero moved slowly in the matter, spite of Terentia, who saw in it the means of rescuing her husband from the wiles and allurements of Clodia, the sister; but sore trouble grew out of it to him.

Corruption is the strain of much of the great orator's invective; himself, indeed, ever unbought, yet somewhat tarnished by questionable advocacy of Gallius and others, once even of Catiline. He arraigns Fonteius, governor of Narbonne, who laughs at the witnesses and calls the whole people drunken and godless. He denounces Macer, father of the Calvus of Catullus, and the guilty governor, says one account, chokes himself with his handkerchief to save his estate for his son, no undistinguished orator. No need to speak of Verres, the man of taste, who picked out a brace of Cilician brothers, artists—a strange export—to appraise what was worth "conveyance," and well nigh killed the luckless governor, that would not or could not let him have the statue restored by Scipio, by tying him naked on a winter's day to the Horse of Marcellus. The climax of the infamy of the time is revealed in that "*pro Cluentio*,"—that awful revelation of incest and poison, not to be further mentioned here, the woman of the dark story branded by the orator as having nothing human but her form. No wonder that such a time produced the most daring conspiracy ever recorded.

In that time Catullus lived. And when, from the true picture here sketched, we turn to his volume, the freshness and guilelessness of the man are marvellous. Bating that blot upon his page, from which we turn with an ever-perplexed wonder as from the insanities of our poor nature, he is as true and healthy as our Burns, and his best praise lies in our difficulty in realizing the life of such a man among such men. Had he lived his short life out in his pleasant Sirmium, in the

retired leisure  
That in trim gardens takes its pleasure,

he would still have been marvellous for his indifference to the sordid passions of his time, for sympathies untarnished by the universal selfishness, for capacities for friendship and constancy and brotherly affection rare among poets. But he loved the great city, and delighted, as

all great minds do, in its crowd and turmoil, the "*fumum, et opes, strepitumque Romæ*,"—bringing to it the freshness and simplicity of nature, and taking from it stores of wit and thought to the shores of Garda.

No need to ask why Catullus is of all Latin poets the one who most commends himself to us, because he alone had heart. In him fancy and imagination were subordinate to feeling; and he writes with that conscious power of genius that despises abstractions in comparison with sympathies and realities. In Virgil's cold and stately epic, even Dido is fitter for the canvas of Rubens than for that of Titian; nor, besides her, in Eclogue or *Æneid* is there a single woman. Ovid's women are meretricious wantons, or where he tries to depict those of an older time he sings them, or makes them sing, in strains of vapid rhetoric, as Ariadne to Theseus—how different from her of the ill-proportioned but noble poem of Catullus, the Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis! Propertius' love songs are cold conceits; his Cynthia is *docta puella*; he dreams of her shipwreck, and fears that, like Icarus, she will give her name to a sea. And the ladies of Tibullus are so affected that he points an apology from Sulpicia to Chérinthus for quitting him the night before by her fear that he should perceive the love which she straightway writes to declare. Catullus spoils his verse by no conceit; and it is a fair objection gracefully put by Mr. Martin to his predecessor, Mr. Lamb, whose translation he praises with no other reservation, that "the directness and simplicity of Catullus are often sacrificed for an antithesis,"—a fault ascribed to the influence of Pope.

In love or friendship, sorrow or sarcasm, Catullus is always natural. In that touch of nature, the translator finds his inevitable difficulty, and we can pardon the Frenchman who decided that to render him duly would take the lifetime of a man of genius, though we are sure that the result would not give a Béranger. Catullus needs rapid translation and slow laboured polish. As examples of his various sweetness imperfectly rendered, take

#### ON THE INGRATE.

Cease to serve, nor think to find  
Kindly deeds repaid in kind.  
Thankless all, I were best to shun  
Acts that weary when they're done:  
All too plain to me! required  
Worst, where friendship chief was plighted.

—(which we venture to give, as Mr. Martin has strained the meaning of the last line). Or this:

#### OF LOVE SLIGHTED.

My mistress vows my love to quit  
For none, though Jove himself had sought her;  
Such vow, fond lover, needs be writ  
On air, or swiftly-running water.

—Or this:—

#### TO CALVUS.

If to the voiceless tomb, O Calvus, aught  
Can of our sorrow bring a passing thought,  
When fond regrets o'er past delights return,  
And friendship weeps, and clasps the unanswering urn,  
Quintilla's shade less mourns her shortened years,  
Than joys, that love for ever feeds thy tears.

If, for compression's sake, we have rendered with uncertain touch these brief but perfect examples of their class, it must be otherwise with those poems in which the passion of love is displayed with a tenderness and exquisite blending of fancy and feeling never surpassed. For these we must refer to the translation, alike vigorous and graceful, which Mr. Theodore Martin has given us, and which to those who cannot read the inimitable original will supply the best compensation yet produced by an English pen. "Il faut," says the Author of the "*Soirées Helvétiques*" (the Marquis de Pezay), "pour entendre Catulle, connaître un peu l'yvresse du vin de Tokay, et les caprices des jolies femmes"; and Mr. Martin writes as

one not without such experiences. Here is the intoxication of

## KISSES.

Live we, love we, Lesbia dear,  
And the stupid saws austere  
Which your sour old dotards prate,  
Let us at a farthing rate!  
When the sun sets, 'tis to rise  
Brighter in the morning skies;  
But, when sets our little light  
We must sleep in endless night.  
Give me then a thousand kisses;  
Add a hundred to my blisses;  
Then a thousand more: and then  
Add a hundred once again.  
Crown me with a thousand more,  
Add a hundred as before,  
Then kiss on without cessation,  
Till we lose all calculation,  
And no envy mar our blisses,  
Hearing of such heaps of kisses.

This is more natural than Moore's paraphrase.

For Lesbia's sparrow, let it nestle and die to be read in Mr. Martin's pages. The two poems close with such a "fall" as the Duke in Shakspeare longs for;—

Oh, dismal shades!  
Your's the blame is, that my maid's  
Eyes—dear eyes!—are swoll'n and red,  
Weeping for her darling dead.

—No sparrow so famous as this; not that which the Areopagite killed when it fled to his bosom from the hawk, and had its neck wrung—a deed for which the murderer was justly punished.

There is a snatch of our older poets in the following stanza on Quinctia:—

For nowhere in her can you find  
That subtle voiceless art,  
That something which delights the mind,  
And satisfies the heart.

—But Catullus says this in four words.

The poet's plainness of speech must have made his friends wince sometimes. How he gibbeted Cæsar is known to the readers of the original—or of Nott, whose matter-of-fact translation is amusingly exhibited in the lines to Furius, not rendered in this volume. Not that Catullus was Cæsar's friend, though Cæsar was often his father's guest. But Calvus, the great orator, whose grief for Quinctilia he has so touchingly recorded, must have been somewhat ruffled by the following sarcasm on his small stature:—

When, in that wondrous speech of his,  
My Calvus had denounced  
Vatinus, and his infamies  
Most mercilessly trounced,—

A voice the buzz of plaudits clove—  
My sides I nearly split  
With laughter, as it cried, "By Jove!  
An eloquent tom-tit!"

—This Lamb converts into an apostrophe to the stool on which he places the orator!

But he who wrote the address to Verannius must have grappled his friends with hooks of steel:—

Dearest of all, Verannius! Oh, my friend,  
Hast thou come back from thy long pilgrimage,  
With brothers twin in soul thy days to spend,  
And by thy hearth-fire cheer thy mother's age? &c.

And how true his own family affections were is recorded in the notice of his pilgrimage to his brother's distant tomb:—

O'er many a sea, o'er many a stranger land,  
I bring this tribute to thy lonely tomb,  
My brother! and beside the narrow room  
That holds thy silent ashes weeping stand.  
Vainly I call to thee, &c.

Our purpose being to give instances illustrative of the moods of the poet's mind, we have abstained from quotations from the longer poems—"The Epithalamium," the sombre and melancholy 'Atys' (that so took the fancy of Gibbon), the 'Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis.' The greatest commendation we can pass on these is that they scarcely read as translations, the 'Atys' especially.

Exception may be taken to some few phrases. "The Prætor being such a beast," is poor, and unrhymical too; but it is poetry compared

with this from Lamb, "And gave me a bad cough and cold."

Mr. Martin has supplied a valuable Introduction, and a body of notes indicating much research, and adding to the list of the cloud of witnesses who do homage to Catullus by borrowing or stealing from him. It is perhaps by a slip of the pen that in favouring the supposition that Lesbia was Clodia, the sister of Clodius (which we do not believe), he speaks of the great Clodian house. He should have remembered that Clodius purposely vulgarized his name, and his Virgil should have corrected the mistake,—

Claudia nunc a quo diffunditur et tribus et gens.

We must not pass without commendation the lively Barham-like version of 'The Stupid Husband' (Ad Coloniæ), contributed by Dr. Charles Badham.

*Japan, the Amoor, and the Pacific; with Notices of other Places comprised in a Voyage of Circumnavigation in the Imperial Russian Corvette Rynda, in 1858-1860.* By Henry Arthur Tilley. With Eight Illustrations. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

WHEN the first news of the cession of the Amoor Territory to Russia broke upon us, our instructors were indefatigable in supplying information about a country of which they knew no more than our geography books revealed. And that was little indeed. Beyond the bare facts that it was a country on the north-eastern confines of Asia, belonging to China, and watered by a river calculated to drain about 583,000 square miles, scarcely anything reliable could be produced. Imagination having to fill up the blank, pictures were presented to the public mind which represented this new Russian acquisition as a land flowing with milk and honey, capable of producing wine, rice, tea, indigo and cotton, of growing timber fit for the construction of vast navies, and of yielding medicinal drugs of extraordinary virtues. The papers published in the Transactions of the Russian Academies and the scientific periodicals of Germany, have, in a great measure, demolished these erroneous representations, and the testimony of Mr. Tilley, "the first Englishman who ever landed there," and who, "wishing to describe what really is," proves quite in accordance with the views taken by sober men of science. We now learn that the Amoorian grapes are sour, though abundant, that the cultivation of rice, tea, indigo and cotton, is not within the reach of possibility, that all the oaks are rotten at the core, the ash trees are not so robust, and the maples not so tall as ours, that the virtues of the medicinal drugs solely reside in the imagination of the Chinese, that the river is blocked up with ice nearly eight months in the year, the approach to the harbours rendered difficult by shallows, sandbanks, violent winds and squalls, that the climate is abominable and the population extremely scanty. Even those best qualified to judge are cautious in expressing an opinion about the country. There is reason to believe that hemp, flax, and our cereals will succeed, that Manchoorian tobacco, said to be much milder than American, and a kind of nettle of which the natives make ropes, may be raised with profit, and that the breeding of cattle, sheep and horses may be pursued with advantage. Whether our fruit-trees will grow is doubtful, since they do not thrive even in the mildest parts of Siberia, while all the benefits are, for the present, neutralized by the scarcity of labour. Russia herself can ill afford to send any number of emigrants from other parts of her colossal,

but thinly-peopled, empire, and the vexatious restrictions to which all those who take up their abode in the dominions of the Czar have to submit, are a permanent check upon immigration on a large scale from Western Europe. The enterprising American who has promised, we are informed, to pour an active population into this desolate region will, under existing circumstances, become as great a benefactor to the new colony as Count Muraviev, the Governor-General of Siberia, who does everything in his power to induce officers to marry and settle in this Eldorado.

The Amoor does not, therefore, seem to be a tempting field for the colonist, as Russia would simply wish it to be regarded, but rather a means to an end. What this end is does not appear difficult to divine. The whole left bank of the Amoor river is now Russian. On the right-hand bank all the region bounded by the Usuri, as far as the lakes of Khinka, by the Gulf of Tartary, and by a frontier line not yet defined between the lakes of Khinka and Passette Bay, about the 42nd parallel of latitude, belongs also to Russia. The treaty which added the greatest part of this territory to Russia was negotiated by the Governor-General of Siberia "within three days, in the business-like manner said to be peculiar to that statesman in his relations with Oriental powers." As the Russians were putting their house in order it would have been a pity if they had only half done it. Opposite and nearly parallel to the territory ceded lies Sagalien, an island about equal in size to Great Britain. The northern portion of this island had already been made over to them by the Chinese, while the southern was still in the hands of the Japanese. However, the Russians soon discovered that the possession of the entire island was absolutely necessary to the integrity of the newly-formed Amoor colony. The late visit of the Governor-General of Siberia to Yedo had for its object to make the Japanese comprehend this imperative necessity; but these tea-drinking, bamboo-eating, lacker-ware-making people were so dull minded that they could not see it, and after much procrastination they refused to give up a district which furnished them with ample supplies of fish, furs and wood. However, they have since so far comprehended the drift of the arguments, if report be true, that they have agreed to cede the territory, reserving the rights of wooding and fishing. Our author thinks this cannot be beneficial to the inhabitants, who were kept, we are assured, under a most iron slavery by the Japanese, and will now be able to enjoy a full share of Russian liberty,—certainly a consolation to those diplomatists who have to swallow this gilded pill.

Mr. Tilley does not inform us in what capacity he joined the little Russian squadron, consisting of the corvettes Rynda and Gudin, and the clipper gunboat Opritchnik, commanded by Commodore Popoff, which left Europe in 1858 for the Amoor. Nor is the object of the voyage very clearly defined, and our author does not touch upon it, except incidentally. Though he sees everything rather with the eye of a tourist than a traveller, possesses no great powers of observation and never warms over his subject, or is betrayed into enthusiasm on beholding fine and striking scenery, his book will give a good idea of the various places visited. He describes everything in clear and simple language;—moreover, his accounts are remarkably correct, as we can testify in many instances from personal knowledge, differing though we do occasionally from his opinions. The principal interest of the work is centered upon Japan and Amoor, especially the former, where our author remained several months.



The impression we derive from his account is, that the Japanese, though reluctantly yielding to the pressure brought to bear on them in opening commercial relations with foreigners, have made up their mind to place so many and invisible restrictions upon this newly-established intercourse, that the various treaties, unless their execution is carefully looked after by those most interested, must become a dead letter by wearing out the patience of the European merchants. As is the case in China, the principal opposition to this traffic does not originate in the lower and middle classes, but in the upper; though the dregs of the population are occasionally encouraged to exhibit that popular indignation against visitors which their superiors are too great cowards to display. Mr. Tilley thinks the reason why the English and Americans do not get on so well with the Japanese as the Russians is owing to the little regard they show for native prejudices and customs; and he addresses a long lecture to the offenders, in which he plainly tells them the Japanese must not be treated like Chinese coolies or Hindoo servants; and the angry looks of the Japanese when the rough Anglo-Saxons enter their houses with dirty boots must not be disregarded if peace is to be preserved. By due attention to these points a party of Russians who had been nine months at Nangasaki contrived to gain the affection of the people in an extraordinary way, and it is quite affecting to read how "the officers in their walks through the town were surrounded by laughing children, backed by a circle of pretty girls, with the men peering over their shoulders. One officer especially, Prince Ouktomsky, the Grand-Duke's aide-de-camp, knew all the children of Nangasaki, for they would crowd round him, shake him by the hand, and in their gentle, pretty little way talk to him till he arrived at his destination."

This would certainly be a tempting reward for the little extra trouble of pulling off one's boots and putting them on again when entering or leaving a house, and for the due exercise of the various other customs. But it appears that all their care to respect the scruples of the natives did not save the Russians from being quite as roughly handled as the members of those nations with whom they are here contrasted. Here is a companion picture to the merry little scene of innocence in the streets of Nangasaki, taken at Yedo:—

"A party of three started for an excursion into the interior of the city, and did not return till long after midnight. They had ventured some three or four miles into the heart of the place, and entered what they considered several houses of public resort, till at last finding the mob becoming rather offensive, they endeavoured to retrace their steps. After wandering some hours, they lost their way; hundreds of Japanese pressed around and jolted them, and at last a volley of stones succeeded. On this they took refuge in what they thought the police station of the district, but they were driven out. Most probably it was a guard-room of one of the princes or nobility. At last they entered a building, where some Japanese officers welcomed them, dispersed the mob, and brought them food. In the few words of the language which they knew, they explained their position, and having rested themselves, were conducted back to the temple by one of the officers. The next day the Russian officers made the affair known to Count Muraviev, who complained to the authorities, and the officer of the district and his lieutenant were, so it was said, degraded from their rank and employ, as a punishment, according to Japanese law, for the crime committed under their jurisdiction."

A still more fatal occurrence took place at Yokohama, of which we have the following particulars:—

"On the preceding evening, at eight o'clock, a

lieutenant, the commodore's steward, and a sailor, carrying a canvas bag, containing dollars and itsheboos, had just left a shop, where they had been making purchases. Not twenty paces from the door, the steward heard the lieutenant cry out, 'Save yourselves—I am murdered,' or words to that effect. The steward, looking round, saw his officer and a sailor in conflict with a Japanese, and a sword uplifted to strike him down. He bounded away, followed by the Japanese. Feeling, instinctively no doubt, that the man was making a cut at him, he raised his arm to guard his head; the blow descended, was turned aside by his cloth cap, which slipped off his head, but struck the arm, and nearly severed the bone. He had just time to rush into a shop as another blow followed, but the master of the house pulled him in, and so saved his life. A Japanese surgeon was sent for, who sewed up the wound most scientifically, and treated it as well, our doctor said, as could have been done in any European hospital. Some American sailors of the shipwrecked schooner were near the spot at the time, and immediately gave what assistance they could to the wounded. Presently the Russian officer arrived, and his wounded comrade was conveyed to a house. The sailor was dead already. The wounds inflicted on them were most ghastly; the sailor's skull was cleft in two places; both his shoulder-blades cut through deep into the back; the joints of the elbows severed; the thigh cut through to the bone; and, not content with this, the miscreants must have pierced him through the back when down. The poor young officer, with whom I had been very intimate, and who was universally loved for his amiable disposition, was little less severely wounded, and it is astonishing with what tenacity he clung to life. His brain was protruding from a skull wound: he had received the same sort of cuts in the shoulder-blades as the sailor, so that the lung and (lower down) the entrails were laid bare; and there were other cuts, not mortal. He was, of course, unable to give any particulars of the attack; all his thoughts, poor fellow, seemed centred in his mother and his home. An American surgeon bound up his wounds, and paid him all possible but hopeless attention, as did also all the Europeans without exception. He preserved his senses to the last, and expired about two o'clock in the morning. This was the first murder committed by Japanese on a foreigner since the opening of the country to the latter. \* \* The Governor was no sooner informed of the murder than he hastened from Kanagawa to Yokohama, and sent messengers to the Consuls of the three Powers, to acquaint them with the event, and beg their immediate presence. The English and Dutch Consuls were immediately on the spot. \* \* The American Consul, on his arrival, made matters worse, by informing the Governor that such murders were of constant occurrence in European America, and that the murderer was often never traced—a gratuitous piece of information which, however true it might be as to parts of the United States, was certainly much out of place to relate under present circumstances. He also objected to one proceeding of the other two Consuls—viz. stopping the trade for a time; and in this he was joined by many of his countrymen. However allowable it may be in diplomacy to exalt oneself and one's country at the expense of one's neighbour, still there are cases when opposition ought to be smothered by humanity; and this was one in which all civilized powers should have been of accord, as there could be no knowing on whom of another nation the next barbarous act might be committed, and it was essential to common safety that the actors of the first atrocious deed should be brought to condign punishment."

The Americans have of late shown, more than once, a disposition to act independently of the Great Powers, but they have little reason to congratulate themselves on their success. When they refused to co-operate in this affair with the Dutch, Russian and English representatives, they little thought that their consul in Japan would have been the first to have been murdered; when they declined acting in concert with the

Western Powers in placing our commercial relations with China on a more satisfactory footing, and fancied they could go to Peking in their own peculiar way, they little dreamed that their ambassador would be carried to the capital of the Celestial Empire by the back door, and in a contrivance which has been described as a compromise between a sedan-chair and a band-box. Again, when they refused to agree with the West about putting down privateering, they could not possibly foresee that their own rebels might so soon turn it to their own advantage. The state of Asia is of such a nature that no nation can pursue a selfish policy without bringing calamities upon itself. A few of the most intelligent Asiatics may comprehend the distinction between the European nations, but the bulk of the people look upon all whites as one great tribe, and it is absolute folly ever to lose sight of this important fact. All those absurd restrictions by which the eastern countries of Asia are guarded against intercourse with us would have vanished long ere this if Europeans had acted in concert; and Christianity would have triumphed ages ago, if the different sects had not lowered themselves and the religion they disgraced by heaping abuse upon each other, instead of teaching the pure doctrines of the Gospel. It is to be feared that in Japan, especially, where all classes, except the lowest, may be said to have no religion at all, and where all are educated, sceptical and sarcastic, any rivalry between those who attempt to introduce a new religion will at once preclude whatever chance there possibly might be of conversion.

Fabulous tales have been told of the population of Yedo:—

"A high officer informed M. Gaskewitch that it contained a million houses, which by the usual computation would make the population over five millions. This is perfectly extravagant. Kaempfer stated that it took twenty-one hours to make the circuit of the city. On foot from sixty to sixty-five miles would be accomplished in that time. In order to judge what accuracy there might be in this statement, I asked the officer who accompanied me, how large his city was. He thereupon drew me an irregular four-sided figure on the dust of the open place where we were standing, and said that the extremes of length and breadth were respectively about five and four Japanese ri or ki. Now a ri is 4,275 English yards, or about 2½ miles, and this would give the length and breadth to be about twelve and ten miles. And the distance I traversed on horseback from one side to the other was about that length. Not more than one-third of this ground is covered with houses, the intervening space being taken up with gardens, open places, rivers, and roads. The greater part of the houses are very small, containing perhaps, five souls each, while the temples, of which there are some hundreds, contain from twenty to thirty bonzes, and the dwellings of the nobility from fifty to three hundred persons or more. Supposing, therefore, the ground occupied by these temples and houses of princes and nobility to be covered with the small houses of the common people, and to contain the same number of inhabitants each, an approximation to the space covered with houses in the whole city would be about forty square miles, or one-third of the whole area. Supposing, again, each dwelling to occupy a space of five hundred square yards, there would be nearly 248,000 houses; and, estimating each house to have five inmates, the population of the whole city would be about one million and a quarter. This computation is made with much diffidence; but I think it will be found much nearer the truth than many accounts I have read and heard, which made out the population to be in numbers between eighty thousand and five millions."

The chief amusements during the winter are sledding with long trains of dogs, and occasional balls given by the Governor, and the last night

of the stay of the squadron one of these entertainments took place, when, amongst other good things, the *Vosmerka*, the Siberian and Kamtschatkan national dance, was performed; it consists of "moving the lady round and round, and then throwing her into the arms of another dancer," and it has besides the advantage that you can begin and finish when you like.

"There is another dance, a great favourite among the Kamtschadales, called the Bear Dance; its *poses*, which are not very delicate, consist in imitating the awkward gambols of a male and female bear."

The aborigines also have their predilection for bears:—

"Three log cages attracted our attention, and on approaching them, some angry growls, and three or four painted muzzles protruding from between the logs, told us we were before the half-worshipped bears of the Manchurian tribes. I asked, 'Do these tribes really worship the bear?' To a certain extent they do, but the principal object is to fatten them for certain feasts, when they are killed with much ceremony, a dirge being sung over them something in this form:—'Do not think, dear bear, that it is we, the Ghelaks, who are killing you; it is the naughty Russians, and not we; take vengeance, therefore, on them, but not upon us.'"

From the Amoor our author proceeded to Upper California, where he paid a visit to the gold diggings, and after touching at the Hawaiian Islands, Tahiti, Patagonia, and Buenos Ayres, safely reached England, after a voyage of two years.

*Ter-Centenary of the Scottish Reformation, as commemorated at Edinburgh, August, 1860.* With Introduction by Rev. James Begg, D.D. Edited by Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D. (Edinburgh, MacLaren; London, Hamilton, Adams & Co.)

Most people, whatever their private opinions may be, have taken part, passively or actively, in the platform celebrations of religious societies: and they will, we are sure, support us when we say that, apart from the contributions made by the faithful to "the funds of our association," it is very rare that anything takes place at such re-unions worthy of record. Often the scenes that enliven them are far from edifying. At the best they are an awkward compromise between secular enjoyment and devout enthusiasm, at which earnest thought and vulgar mirth seem alike out of place, though they carry on a spasmodic strife for the mastery. Under ordinary circumstances, they are as formal and monotonous in their variety, as second-rate London dinner-parties: the same dishes served with the same plate, the same waiters wearing the same dingy coats and cravats, the same sorting of places and parts. The officials in the background, who minister to the high-priesthood of the "sacred tub," and the cooks and butlers, of whose toil our "dinners" are the final result, perform very similar duties of preparation.

In the case of either set of *collaborateurs*, we know exactly what will constitute the bill of fare. The noble speaker in the chair, whose function it is to prove that the aristocracy do not think it vulgar to take heed for their own souls; the learned speaker, who draws all the requisite historical parallels; the bluff, outspoken orator, who frankly tells his auditors that they do not *give* as much money as they ought—that he hates their miserable half-crowns; the intolerant speaker, who abominates the Pope; the mimetic speaker, who carries on conversations between three spiritual disputants, each disputant having a distinct vocal organization, set apart for his own peculiar use; the funny

speaker, who makes his audience laugh hysterically; the pathetic speaker, who gives the death-bed scenes so affectingly that the ladies cry. Such is the programme of an "Exeter Hall May Meeting." Far from wishing to ridicule these serio-comic entertainments, we would speak respectfully alike of them, their managers, and their supporters. In a certain limited way they are useful, giving amiable and benevolent men opportunities of intercourse and co-operation, and affording amusement to a large body of our fellow-creatures, who by their sectarian prejudices are cut off from anything like a fair amount of earthly enjoyment. We should, however, deeply regret if the custom were to obtain of collecting into a permanent form the effusions of our mis-sacred orators. We feel sure that the gentlemen, immortalized in Mr. Wylie's collection, will on calm reflection be sorry for the compliment he has paid them in reprinting speeches and papers which, notwithstanding some sound common sense and much right feeling, are in no way worthy of preservation. Indeed, so poor are these commemorative addresses, we cannot but suspect that Mr. Wylie has failed to select the best from the crowd that lay before him. We open the volume at p. 297, and read what Mr. Chiniquy, the Canadian Reformer, has to say on the religion of which, rather too egotistically, he proclaims himself a zealous preacher. Mr. Chiniquy (formerly a Roman Catholic Priest) is a droll gentleman, and when he opens his lips laughter, like that which hails Mr. Robson in the *Yellow Dwarf*, greets him:—

"Well, in the place where my father was settled there was no school; and my mother, who was my first teacher, taught me to read in the Holy Bible which belonged to my father. I may here say, that I had always a great taste and pleasure in reading that holy book. (Cheers.) My father was the only man in the parish who had a Bible, except the priest; and it so happened that one evening some neighbours came into our house, and I read some chapters to them out of the Old Testament. They thought it was a great crime for them to have heard these things from the Bible; and they went to the priest, and confessed what they had heard. He thereupon inquired from whom they had heard it, and he was told where. The good priest came to my father's house the day after, and I must tell you that I was much frightened at his visit. I was then young, and had a great idea of the power of the priest; and when I saw him I ran to the corner of the room. (A laugh.) After the first compliments were over, he said to my father, 'Mr. Chiniquy, you have a Bible here;' and on being informed that he had, the priest said, 'But don't you know that it is forbidden you to keep a Bible in the French language, and are only allowed to keep one in the Latin or Greek tongue?' The priest then told my father that he had come to get that Bible from him. My father who was a quick tempered Frenchman—(laughter and applause)—rose up, and without answering a single word, began to pace the room; and I remember that his lips were pale, and that the priest was surprised at his silence. After some time my father turned to the priest, and only said, 'Do you know the door by which you came here?' (Cheers and laughter.) The good priest thought he did, and took my father's counsel, for he went out. \*\* After two years, I publicly protested against what I considered was a great iniquity. It was a thing done by the Bishop, and which I considered to be against the laws of God and of man. The result of this was, that we were all to be excommunicated. The weather happened to be very warm; and the priests who were appointed to perform this ceremony were thirsty on the way, and drank some water of a very bad quality, and which had the extraordinary effect that it affected their legs and tongues—(loud laughter)—and they could not be understood by the people. No attention was paid to the excommunication; and it gave great scandal

to the Church of Rome to find that the people still continued to worship in the Chapel. We remained a year in that position, and during that period the bishops of the United States wrote many letters against us, and I invariably answered them. I sent all my letters to the Pope, with only these words—Holy Father, take and read. (Laughter.) I don't know what the Pope has done with these documents; but this I know, that after a year's burning discussion between the Bishop of Chicago and us, the Pope invited the Bishop to go to Rome, where he silenced him, and took the bishopric from his hands. (Laughter and cheers.) He got what we call a bishopric in the moon. (Renewed laughter and cheers.) Another bishop was sent to Illinois, and we regarded this as a great victory."

This is a fair sample of Mr. Chiniquy, the low comedian of the pulpit, in his inimitable performance of the "Convert from Popery," on the boards of the Edinburgh stage. Charles Dickens makes a clown in a country circus explain to his rustic applauders, that they are delighted with the exquisite art, rather than the substance, of his performance. "My dear friends," says the man of ochre and whitening, with a grin, "it is not so much the thing, as the way in which it is done." We can quite believe that Mr. Chiniquy has "a way of his" that is exquisitely droll. But, without taking that into account, what wonder is there that his pious auditors were convulsed with laughter at his speech, and applauded him to the echo? Who is not driven from all intellectual and moral composure by the intoxicating intelligence that Mr. Chiniquy, when he was a little boy, "ran to a corner of the room," that his father was "a quick-tempered Frenchman," that this quick-tempered Frenchman, with an unprecedented brilliance of repartee, said to a Romish priest, "Do you know the door by which you came here?" What could the good people of Scotland—what could their spiritual teachers—have been thinking of, that they rewarded with a storm of indecent laughter and cheers the buffoonery of a renegade Romish priest, when he publicly charged the priests who excommunicated him from the church of his early years and labours with being drunk whilst giving effect to the most solemn form of ecclesiastical censure?

*The History of the County and City of Cork.*

By the Rev. C. B. Gibson. Vol. I. (Newby.) As this is the first volume of a work which is to be concluded in a second, we may reserve our full opinion of its merits and usefulness until its completion. In the portion of it now given, the history opens with the Macarthis in the tenth century, and closes with a renowned and ugly gentleman of that name, in the seventeenth century. The story of seven hundred years told in four hundred pages is fairly rated, and although its interest is chiefly local, yet it may be profitably read by the general readers of history. Again, although the county and city of Cork forms the centre of Mr. Gibson's picture, yet in truth the whole of Ireland is on the canvas. The spirit of the volume is something different from that which distinguishes a work we noticed last year,—Martin Haverly's "History of Ireland," which would be very dull reading but for its absurdities and inconsistencies. Mr. Gibson writes more like a judge than a witness, and he excites greater interest in consequence.

No doubt there are two sides to the Irish, as to every other question; but there are names of great and wise and upright and merciful men among the English governors of Ireland, men who, like Sir Thomas Rokesby, in the days of Edward the Third, were of the disposition to declare that they would eat in wooden



dishes, but they would pay gold and silver for their meat. Brave men, too, there were of either faction, who adopted the sentiment that "a castle of bones was better than a castle of stones." There was a wise government of Ireland under Lord Leonard Gray. Sir John Davis, however, has but one remark for the very best of the vice-regal rulers. He compares them, Sidney amongst the rest, to the otherwise praiseworthy Kings of Israel, who did not cut down the groves and high places, but allowed the people to still burn incense and practise idolatry within them,—meaning here, a sufferance of Irish laws and customs.

In one sense, religion failed to civilize the people, in the Christian view of the words religion and civilization. They considerably resembled the converted man who once observed to his spiritual pastor, "There was a time, Sir, when I never thought of either God or Devil; but now, Sir, I love them both, from my heart." This confusion of right and wrong has ever been a characteristic of the half-taught masses in Ireland, and perhaps characterize most half-taught communities.

It would be difficult to determine what might have been effected with Ireland, had Edward the Third carried out the first idea of a union when he summoned Irish representatives to England. We may conjecture, however, that the effect would have been one of great profit to both countries. What are called ruthless conquests made, or attempted, on the part of the English Government were often, always perhaps, from Richard the Second to Elizabeth, merely enterprises to suppress the rebellion of the descendants of English race, and not to enlarge our border at the expense of the native Irish. And these were sometimes unreasonable. They often wanted more than their neighbours in all things, as they did in the especial one of shirts, in every one of which an Irish gentleman of the olden days was no gentleman at all if he had not five-and-twenty yards of linen!

It is curious to see how the vigorous common sense of all English kings is apparent, even when it is not perceived that such common sense was directed to the establishing a union between the two countries. On the other hand, every political adventurer has gone on the other tack. The aspiring Duke of York's Parliament of 1452 declared "that Ireland is, and always has been, incorporated within itself by ancient laws and customs, and is only to be governed by such laws as the Lords and Commons of the land, in Parliament assembled, have been advised to enact." The Red Rose dynasty had not the leisure to look after its inheritance in Ireland to the profit of the land. The ruined people fled to England, which made laws to convey them back, when they were met by counter laws to prohibit their landing. Between the two they always suffered. United under one Government, without detriment to religion or nationality, they have rapidly improved. Had York succeeded, who insisted on separate legislatures, he probably would have united the people under one. He was so popular with the Irish that he might have succeeded; at all events, great numbers of the nobility and gentry of the county of Meath passed over into England, and were slain, fighting for York, at Wakefield.

It is to be observed, nevertheless, that it is the very hottest of the foreign partisans of the Irish in rebellion who complain most loudly of the character of the people. One of the Spanish officers in the affair at Kinsale used to express his belief that when salvation was made easy to man, total exception was made of the entire Irish people.

From the records of violence or intrigue,

which form the staple of Mr. Gibson's work, we turn willingly to his notice of the descendants of Edmund Spenser and the poet's property at Kilcolman. The poet left a widow, with three sons and a daughter. The daughter had no descendants. The sons lost the paternal estate, which was, however, restored to William, the grandson of the poet:—

"In July 31, 1678, he obtained a royal grant of other property, to the extent of nearly two thousand acres, in the counties Galway and Roscommon, among which was Ballinasloe, so famous for its fair. At the Revolution he joined King William, and it is stated in a representation of his claims, drawn up about 1700, that he had rendered important public services, by acting as a guide to General Ginkell (afterwards Earl of Athlone), in his military operations in the South. For his zeal in this way he lost 300 head of black cattle and 1,500 sheep, had his house plundered, and his only son wounded in twenty places 'by the Irish army.' In consideration of his services and sufferings, William the Third, in 1697, granted him the forfeited lands of Renny, which had belonged to his cousin Hugolin, who had taken the opposite side. His title to these lands was disputed in 1700 by the Board of Trustees, appointed to determine the validity of all such grants. He went to England, to urge his suit, was introduced to the Poet Congreve, who introduced him to Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, then at the head of the Treasury, by whose means the grant was ratified."

William Spenser had a son, Nathaniel, who "suffered losses," and left, in 1734, three sons and one daughter:—

"Edmund, the eldest son, married Anne, the daughter of John Freeman, of Ballymague, in this county. Of his brothers Nathaniel and John, or of his sister Barbara, we have no reliable information. It is probable they died unmarried, at the old family residence at Renny. Mr. O'Flanagan, in his 'Guide to the Blackwater,' says the last of the Spensers, of whom we have an authentic account, lived at Renny, or Rinny, and had contracted an intimacy with his housekeeper from which she inferred that he meant to marry her, and that this woman, who was also employed by her master as his barber, cut his throat while shaving him on the morning of the day on which he was to have been married to a lady in the neighbourhood. 'In a small antique dwelling at Renny is pointed out the room in which she did the deed.' This would be a tragic winding up of the poet's immediate descendants, but there was a later than he, 'Edmund Spenser, of Mallow,' probably the nephew of the murdered man, the son of Edmund Spenser who married Anne Freeman. He died in Mallow, about 1790, leaving this sad epitaph for his tomb:—'Here lies the body of Edmund Spenser, great-great-grandson of the Poet Spenser, unfortunate from his cradle to his grave.' Hearing that he was buried in the graveyard of Mallow Church, I spent some time in seeking for a tombstone containing such an epitaph, but without success, although informed by two or three persons that they had seen the name of Spenser upon one of the stones. But very many of the inscriptions stand in need of the friendly chisel of some 'Old Mortality.' This must be the Spenser mentioned by a writer in the 'Anthologia Hibernica,' in 1793, as having resided a few years before in Marlow, and as having 'been in possession of an original portrait of the poet, which he valued so highly as to refuse 500*l.* which had been offered for it, with many curious records and papers concerning his venerable ancestor.' Doctor Todd speaks of a daughter of this Edmund Spenser of Marlow, as having married a Wm. Burns, who held some office in the English custom-house. She, too, was said to have had an original picture of the poet. There can be no doubt that Mrs. Sherlock of Cork, now deceased, a descendant of the poet, had a picture of her illustrious ancestor, which she sent to her father in London. Her daughter, who is still living, informed the writer that *she saw the picture*. I lately visited Kilcolman Castle, the residence of the poet. It stands on the side of a small hill, about two miles from the town of

Doneraile, and eight from Mallow. The castle is clothed with ivy to the top of the tower—the only tower which now stands, and which is about forty feet high. Among the ivy peeps out, here and there, the friendly looking little flower called the 'forget-me-not.' Judging from the few names inscribed on the old stones, I should conclude the ruin is very seldom visited by strangers, or indeed by any one. The district around is greatly impoverished. Near the base of the castle is a stagnant lake, and on the margin of the lake stand a few desolate cabins. The people living on the estate and in the neighbourhood appear never to have heard of the poet's name. An old shepherd, who was tending a flock of sheep within a few fields of the castle, told me that no one had lived in it 'during duration.' The poet who was once the *Genius Loci* of that part of the country, has not left behind even a '*Nominis umbra*.' '*Sic gloria mundi transit*.'"

We shall resume our acquaintance with Mr. Gibson, on the appearance of his next volume, with pleasure.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*Homeless; or, a Poet's Inner Life.* By M. Goldsmid. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—It is well for the world that there are poets sent to live in it; they keep alive the faith of men in the real existence of "things which are not seen." Poets, or, as Carlyle calls them, seers, have "the vision and the faculty divine." All they behold is to them significant of more than they can express either in their words or deeds. But poets, like kings, in the exercise of their "right divine," often "govern wrong"; they cannot, or at least they do not, raise their outward life to the level of the metaphysical insight which is given to them. Poets do not reconcile the practical discrepancies of life. The social duties which every human being has to discharge in some relationship or other are melted and mystified by the process of imagination. The stronger a man's intellect is, the less likely he is to get bewildered; the higher he stands, the better he will be able to see; but in the meanwhile that his genius is climbing to its stand-place, the common mortals who fill merely ordinary human relationships will have reason to complain of the way he treats them. There is less dependence to be placed on a poet in the process of development, than on any of the other sons of men; he has a prolonged childhood, and does not attain to his full maturity in this life. The story at the head of our article has not suggested these observations, but only given the text for our sermon. Otto Kroyer, the poet hero, is a man with the finest sensibilities of our nature, a constant aspiration after the highest and best, the ideal excellence that ought to belong to every thing after its kind. He spends his life in vainly seeking this ideal. With the finest and most generous aspirations, his conduct practically becomes selfish, inconsistent, fickle; and he is full of discontent and unrest,—fulfilling no one duty that he undertakes. He is not a dutiful son, nor a faithful lover, nor a good citizen; but ever fluctuating, ever shifting,—a man on whom it is impossible to depend for any length of time,—full of childish inconsequence and rash impetuosity,—able to see the defects, but unable to make the best of anything,—the bad workman who is always complaining of his tools, and quite unable to use them. He is a man for whom the *good* is always cruelly devoured by a possible *better*. He is a man who is no comfort to any one, and he is destructive to all who put their trust in him,—his first end and aim being always himself. This is as he would naturally appear on the outside to those around him. This novel is intended to depict the inner life of which the outside presents such a blotted picture. For those readers who take pleasure in metaphysical self-analysis, the present novel will possess much interest. There is a subtle skill displayed in keeping a hero like the one we have described, from reprobatation and contempt, and in inspiring the reader with a positive sympathy and regard for him. We all of us mean better than we can do, and it is only that Being "from whom no secrets

are hid" who can know what a man is. There is much that is eloquent and beautiful in this book, though there are too many words to express the ideas; but the whole aim of the work is elevated and noble. The style is too close to suit ordinary novel-readers; the labour of introspection is, as everybody knows who has tried it, very fatiguing, and even the temptation of being told the very privatest of other people's affairs does not make three volumes of analyzed emotions easy or light reading. There is no question about the thoughtful talent that is shown in this work, nor the noble intention that makes itself felt throughout; but it is not an amusing novel, and those who take it up must be prepared to find their powers of attention taxed instead of having their idleness amused.

*Manordean: a Novel.* By Herbert Steele. (Newby.)—"Manordean" is a story better meant than performed: it reads as though three volumes had been cut down into one. The author's intentions are conveyed to the reader in a vague, unimpressive fashion. A dark-souled and very disagreeable man, who is the villain in the piece, is the heroine's father; he turns smuggler, and is condemned to be hanged, but somehow escapes from gaol and goes off into space. He leaves two daughters, one who is the heroine and the other who is nothing particular, to do the best they can for themselves. When, at last, after the heroine has gone through a weary time of starvation and plain work, the man, who ought to have made her an offer long before, comes and asks her to marry him, and she has every prospect of living happy ever after. The reader is glad to hear it; but the whole story, like a dissolving view, has been so blurred that five minutes after closing the book he will be in doubt about the proper names of the two individuals about to apply for the wedding licence. The author can evidently do his powers greater justice than he has done in "Manordean."

*The Step-Sisters.* By the Author of "Heatherbrae." 2 vols. (Booth.) This is a feeble story, with a well-intentioned moral. Love, money and consumption are the chief topics. Everybody wants to marry the person he or she ought not to marry. The characters are, however, all so evidently paper people, that the reader hopes they do not feel so much as they appear to do; and when, after great confusion and a few misdeals, the cards are at length shuffled and dealt aright, the reader will be inclined to think that although the author has played the rôle of Providence pretty well, so far as the characters in the book are concerned, no one would trust her in real life with the destinies of a poultry-yard.

*Our Brother Paul: a Novel.* By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniels. 3 vols. (Newby.)—"Our Brother Paul" is an interesting story, with a good purpose worked thoroughly out in it, but not put obtrusively forward. The probation of Col. Seaforth is too long drawn out. He is too good to be tormented so long. Grace, the good angel of the book, is too good for anything—too gentle,—and her charity of judgment verges on weakness; still she is a refined, charming woman. The Brother Paul seems a portrait unhappily drawn from life, and the disgrace and discomfort of such a brother are very like an actual experience. As a whole, we are inclined to think "Our Brother Paul" one of Mrs. Mackenzie Daniels's best novels.

*Aunt Agnes; or, the Why and the Wherefore of Life.* By a Clergyman's Daughter. (Hogg & Sons.) The interest inspired by "Aunt Agnes" is of the very gentlest and mildest description. The moral is unexceptionable; but a little more force and variety would have been a great improvement. The author has a forty-young-lady power of reverence for the clergy—she seems to consider that there is no safety except in a Churchman's gown. For the rest, the story is a record of the domestic life and experience of a maiden aunt, whose own marriage was broken off owing, we believe, to the lover not being a clergyman, but a soldier who had a dreadfully passionate temper, which, of course, if he had been a clergyman, he would not have indulged in. The records of the brothers and nieces, whom the aunt brings up after her disappointment, of how they marry and have children

of their own, open an endless vista of vicarious maternity that is somewhat wearisome. The old lover comes back at the last page a reformed character, and as he declares that he intends to leave the army, it remains open for the reader to imagine that he too may enter the Church and marry his old love. We have no fault to find with "Aunt Agnes" beyond its "gentle dullness," which does not love a joke, for there is no trace of one from the beginning to the end.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Genealogy of Creation; showing the General Scientific Accuracy of the Cosmogony of Moses.* By H. F. A. Pratt, M.D. (Churchill.)—These great systems of interpretation are now as common as blackberries, and we cannot go to the bottom of everything once a week. Twenty years is a decent allowance of time in which to settle the pretensions of such a speculator as Dr. Pratt, if a fair comparison with his competitors be part of the plan. All we can do is to show our reader what kind of matter he will find, and Dr. Pratt is very easily exhibited by specimen. He tells us that he takes the unpunctured Hebrew text as the true one; and considers the pointed text as a version. We give Dr. Pratt's idea of the meaning of Genesis i. 3-6 from the unpunctured text:—"And God said, Let there be volcanic action, and there was volcanic action; and God saw the volcanic action that it was good; and God distinguished between the volcanic action and between the inertia, and God called the volcanic action 'the Active Condition,' and the inertia he called 'the Passive Condition.' And it was redistributive, and it was developmental, the first formation." To which we say that the last formation, that of Dr. Pratt, is the most redistributive and the most developmental we have ever seen. We now leave him to our readers: he does not at all shake our conviction that the ordinary translations of the first chapter of Genesis come as close to the author's meaning, or very nearly as close, as he himself could have done if he had written in a modern language.

*A few Personal Recollections of the late Rev. G. Croly, LL.D. With Extracts from his Speeches and Writings.* By Richard Herring. (Longman & Co.)—As a man, Dr. Croly gathered round him a circle of partial friends—as a preacher, he liberally used an eloquence of the exciting and florid quality which has been said to characterize speakers born in Ireland.—He showed versatility and power in his prose and verse. "Salathiel" is a grand, turgid novel, of the antique pattern. "Catiline" is not a bad tragedy. There are small poems among his "Gems" (such, for instance, as the lyric, "There was once a golden time") which have quietly passed into our Anthologies as stock-pieces. Yet, somehow, there has been no call for a Life of Dr. Croly. His literature was inflated and theatrical; and few who produce such literature live long in the respect of those by whom alone a real reputation is assured.—Keble's "Christian Year" (to illustrate) is cherished by the most thoughtful readers of devotional poetry, though, on its appearance, it did not take "the world" by storm. Pollok's "Course of Time" was, on its outset, by thousands of persons raised to the skies as the work of an inspired lyrist who swept the sacred harp more boldly and with richer tones than Milton.—"Wait for the echo," saith the wise man. The verses of the two sacred poets named are to this day in wide circulation; but which of the two has the reputation?—what manner of writers quote the one, and talk about the other?—From the former some gentle thoughts, happy lines, choice phrases, unobtrusively enriched our literature.—Whether Pollok has given one page or line to the general world of letters may be questioned.—And the question (to go one step further) is not one of sectarian sympathy to be waved aside by the plea that Orthodoxy is thought more scholastic than Nonconformity. The poems of Isaac Watts and James Montgomery live to prove the contrary. The question is not so much a question of taste as of sincerity in art,—not so much one of manner as of meaning.—Apart from it, there may have been other causes which restrict general

interest in the literary efforts of Dr. Croly. He belonged to a school of writers whose political partisanship was notorious, and was reputed to take forms which have never been congenial to the Englishman's mind. He belonged to an epoch of the Tory press (the history of which would be most instructive) of which there is, happily, no counterpart in the times of our day,—to a time of unscrupulous vituperation, of sarcasm under a mask. Dr. Croly was essentially a second-rate man. This was felt while he was living;—this may be said after his death without ill nature, but as explaining that absence of public sympathy with regard to him which has led Mr. Herring to volunteer his volume of "Reminiscences" and of "Beauties." Mr. Herring's work has been carefully executed, and (it may be seen) with respect for the deceased; but it does not represent Dr. Croly's versatility of talent as it might have done; and may fail in its main intent, which is, to interest the reader in the personal character of his hero.

*Social Life and Manners in Australia; being the Notes of Eight Years' Experience.* By a Resident. (Longman & Co.)—The Australian "Resident" of this title-page is no hirsute squatter, with brown face, huge hands and a pipe in his mouth; but a bright, romantic, joyous English lady, with a good heart under the folds of her light muslin dress, and a clever head, as well as pretty face above her round shoulders. The Melbourne of her pages bears just the same resemblance to stern colonial life that the glitter and grace of May Fair bear to the dusty work-a-day experiences of common people; but from her point of view, which is a thoroughly amiable one, she is a truthful delineator of manners and character. A passion for melo-dramatic positions, startling coincidences and pathetic interviews makes her book a quintessence of three-volume novels; but she is most entertaining when, leaving for awhile thrilling narratives of penitent bush-rangers and tableaux of death-bed pathos, she tells what she has seen—and not what she has heard. She went to a ball at Barker's Creek, where a large canvas house did duty as ball-room, and small tents in the immediate vicinity were used as ladies' dressing-rooms. Having entered one of these smaller marquees, the "Resident" took off her shawl, rolled it into a bundle, and to make room for it on a bed covered with other bundles of similar appearance, pushed aside an agglomeration of mufflers, wrappers and handkerchiefs. Great was her astonishment when the bundle, thus rudely treated, suddenly expressed its displeasure with infantine squealing and squalling. Still greater was her astonishment when all the other bundles, joining in chorus, began in like manner to squeal and squall. The fact was, each of the bundles contained a baby, whose mamma was busy in the ball-room with waltzes and quadrilles. "I never," says the "Resident," "discovered whose baby I pushed, nor if the mother heard of my barbarity. It certainly was a funny scene. Going to the tent in the course of the evening, I saw several ladies walking about, in full ball-dress of course, nursing and hushing their dearly beloved infants." Still more humorous is her description of an accident that befell her at a rural party when her crinoline, of all things in the world, did her good service. "It was a bright sunny day, and we were out on one of our fishing parties, with some pleasant friends. As I was, as usual, eager for sport, I had accepted the invitation of an old friend to come into his boat, which was moored under a drooping tree, as he was catching 'no end of fish.' I had but to walk across a fallen trunk, which projected over the bank, to get into the boat, when, depending for support too much on a branch over-head, it gave way, and in an instant I was floating in deep water down the stream, my crinoline acting as life-preserver; for up it went with my dress like a balloon, presenting, I have no doubt, a most ludicrous appearance. My friend immediately pushed off to my assistance, caught my arms, and told me to jump into the boat, which I easily accomplished, my petticoat aiding me in the most extraordinary manner. Although I had been up to my waist in water and my undergarments were saturated, my dress was scarcely wet, owing, I suppose, to the same friendly but much-abused crinoline." The lady having been



rescued from the water, it was necessary to dry the under-garments. But what was she, miles away from any human habitation, to do while they were being dried? The difficulty was soon solved. First the gentlemen of the party prepared a couch of fern in the *mi-mi*, which had been prepared for a resting-place. Then the soaked "Resident" was given over to the care of a kind old lady, who divested her of her wet raiment, wrapped her in shawls, and put her on the fern bed, where she remained, all comfortable and jolly, until the scorching sun had dried her apparel.—The "Resident" is no longer an Australian Resident. She has returned to England to settle in the old country. We predict that the world will hear of her again.

*Student Life: Letters and Recollections for a Young Friend.* By Samuel Osgood. (Low & Co.)—Mr. Samuel Osgood, following the custom of amiable men, who in the serene of life volunteer as Mentors to the young with hopes and passions bursting from the bud, gives beardless students much sound advice, against which no more grave objection can be brought than that those to whom it is offered are at the same time the only persons whom it can benefit, and the persons who beyond all others will be disinclined to profit by it. Polonius may as well spare his pains in shaping sage maxims for the inexperienced: Laertes, if he be gentle and well-bred, bows respectfully and gives his teacher all proper thanks, but when he has gone his way the youngest regulates his carriage and buys his dress in accordance with the tastes of his associates. Did Mr. Osgood act thirty years since as he would have his young friend act in 1861? Did he never form imprudent friendships? never indulge in college suppers? never leave the important studies of the 'curriculum' for balls, theatres and novel-reading? Surely he was guilty of such indiscretions; and yet he too, as surely, had in the heyday of boyhood a sober monitor at his side, who urged him to avoid all vain allurements, make a change of work to service for a change of play, and be ever steadily advancing upon the prizes of life. Boys will be boys, runs the kind old saw; and in the same manner till the end of the chapter, old men will be old men, shaking grey heads at the careless frolic of striplings. Though Mr. Osgood's homilies are rather lame and commonplace, some of his personal reminiscences are pleasant. Here is a glimpse of Mr. Motley at Cambridge, in days of auld lang syne. "I remember well also a little coterie who met to declaim choice pieces of prose and verse, with the Professor of Elocution, our enthusiastic friend, Dr. Barber. Those twelve or fourteen youths had had various destinies, but none of them has made more mark in the world than the handsome, brilliant free-and-easy fellow, who used to declaim Byron with down-turned collar, that showed a throat smooth and full as a girl's. He spoke and wrote well, but we never expected Motley to read Dutch and write the history of Holland."

Of Pamphlets on emigration, medical and other subjects we have to notice *New Zealand, as It was and as It is*, by the Rev. R. B. Paul (Stanford);—*Three Essays on New Brunswick as a Home for Emigrants*, by Messrs. Brown, Ellis and Edgar (Algar);—*A Sequel to 'One of England's Little Wars': being an Account of the Real Origin of the War in New Zealand, its Present Stage, and Future Prospects of the Colony*, by Archdeacon Hadfield (Williams & Norgate);—*Handbook to the Colony of Queensland, Australia* (Algar);—*The Climate of Egypt*, by Dr. Dalrymple (Churchill);—*The Medical Profession: its Aims and its Objects*, by a Surgeon (Newby);—*Notes exemplifying the State of the Medical Profession, comprising some Account of the Mismanagement of St. George's Hospital*, by Dr. Lee (Churchill);—*Metonia; a Plea for the Insane*, by Dr. M'Cormac (Longman);—*On the Therapeutic Influence of the Southern Climatic Sanatoria, particularly with Reference to Chronic Tuberculosis of the Lungs*, by Dr. Rullmann (Churchill);—*Instructions to Mothers and Nurses in the Lying-in Chamber*, by Dr. Marsh (Davies);—*The Errors of Homœopathy*, by Dr. Meadows (Renshaw);—*A Visit to the Purton Spa; with a Short Account of the Extraordinary Properties and Effects of its Sulphated and Bromo-Iodated Spring*, by Dr. Bake-

well (Snow);—*The Anglo-Turkish Bath*, by Y. J. Moore (Simpkin);—*Ponds in a Parlour; or, How to Form and Manage an Aquarium*, by C. Strange (Simpkin);—*Neptune's Garden; or, the Sea in the Drawing-Room*, by C. Strange (Simpkin);—*The Science of Happiness, by a Friend to Humanity* (Trübner);—*Part I. of The Dunces' Dessert* (Shrimpton);—*Personification; or, the Biography of a Myth* (Manwaring);—*Mr. Mill's Two Historical Essays* (Ward & Lock);—*Mr. Burt's Miscellaneous Papers on Scientific Subjects* (Odeh);—*The Simplicity of Creation; Concise Views of a New Theory of the Solar System, the Tides, &c.*, by W. Adolph (Dolman);—*Guide to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy* (Westerton);—and No. IX. of *Index to Current Literature* (Low).

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ainsworth's Constable of the Tower, illust. by Gilbert, 3v. 31s. 6d. Alphabetical and Classified Lists of Trades, 8vo. 1s. 6d. Australian Settler's Handbook, 'The Farm,' 8vo. 1s. 6d. Bertini's Pianoforte Tutor, 4to. 1s. 6d. Besser's Christ, the Light of the World, transl. by Huxtable, 6s. 6d. Blackie's Bank Parlour: the Life of a late Banker, 8vo. 7s. 6d. Bohn's Eng. Gentleman's Lib., 'Walpole's Correspondence,' V. 5, 8s. Bohn's Illust. Library, 'Milton's Poetical Works,' Vol. 2, 5s. 6d. Book of Good Counsels, from the Sanskrit, by Arnold, 8vo. 5s. Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine, Vol. 43, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. Cartwright's Poetic Spirit; and Poems, 8vo. 4s. 6d. 6d. Ceva's Pleasures of Virtue, 8vo. 1s. 6d. 6d. Chawner's Hits and Bits, 8vo. 3s. 6d. 6d. Church of England Magazine, Vol. 20, royal 8vo. 5s. 6d. 6d. Circle of Sciences, new ed. Vol. 6, 'Elementary Chemistry,' 5s. 6d. Curtis's Elements of the History of England, 18mo. 1s. 6d. Dick Dinning; or, the Life of a late Banker, new ed. 8vo. 3s. 6d. 6d. Doherty's Works, illust. 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' V. 2, 7s. 6d. Ellison's Slavery and Secession in America, 8vo. 5s. 6d. 6d. Forty Popular Aids and Sacred Melodies, for Social Singing, 1s. Fraser's Scottish Divinity, 8vo. 10s. 6d. Fraser's Unpopular View of Our Times, 8vo. 6s. 6d. Gilliland's The Sabbath viewed in the Light of Reason, &c. 6s. 6d. Hillyard's Tales in the Cabin; or, Night on the Ocean, 2s. 6d. Hunt & Blackett's Emerald Lib., 'Nothing New,' 8vo. 5s. 6d. Indian Army and Civil Service Lib., 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' V. 2, 7s. 6d. Indispensable Handy-Books, 'Wild Flowers,' 8vo. 1s. 6d. 6d. James's Old and New Theory, 2nd Lecture, 8vo. 2s. 6d. 6d. John Woodburn, Royal Naval, 8vo. 10s. 6d. Joyce's The National Church: an Answer to Wilson, 8vo. 5s. 6d. Knir's Management & Education of Blind Children, 4th ed. 1s. 6d. Madden's Handbook of Roman Numismatics, 8vo. 5s. 6d. Malins's In-door Plants, & How to Grow them Economically, 2s. 6d. Martin's Chimney-Corner Stories, 8vo. 3s. 6d. 6d. Memoirs of an Unknown Life, 8vo. 6s. 6d. Night of Told, by Author of 'Peep of Day,' 2nd ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d. O'Connor's Seventeen Years' Experience of Workhouse Life, 8vo. 1s. 6d. Oldknow's Garibaldi in Sicily, and other Poems, 8vo. 2s. 6d. Parlour Library, 'Thomson's Cavalier,' 8vo. 2s. 6d. 6d. Powell on the Law of Inland Carriers, 2nd ed. 8vo. 14s. 6d. Pre-Admiral Man, 2nd ed. 8vo. 10s. 6d. 6d. Punch, Re-issue, Vol. 3, 4to. 5s. 6d. 6d. 5, in 1 vol. 4to. 10s. 6d. Ram's Facts as Subjects of Inquiry by a Jury, 8vo. 10s. 6d. 6d. Rankin & Radcliffe's Abridgement, 8vo. 11 & 12, 6s. 6d. 6d. Reign of Infidelity, 8vo. 1s. 6d. 6d. Robinson's Sin of Conformity, 2nd ed. 8vo. 1s. 6d. 6d. Ross's Eng. Hist. for Senior Classes in Schools, 8vo. 5s. 6d. 6d. Scott's Poetical Works, new ed. Vols. 11 & 12, 6s. 6d. 6d. Scrambles in Sark, 8vo. 1s. 6d. 6d. Sherwood's History of Henry Milner, new ed. 12mo. 5s. 6d. Smith's Pleading Savinor, 8vo. 1s. 6d. 6d. Spencer's Banqueting House; or, Communication Addresses, 2s. 6d. 6d. St. James's Magazine, conducted by Mrs. Hall, V. 1, 8vo. 5s. 6d. 6d. Story of France of 1848, 8vo. 1s. 6d. 6d. Strains of Light, by Author of 'Peep of Day,' 12mo. 3s. 6d. Temple Bar, conducted by Sala, Vol. 2, 8vo. 5s. 6d. 6d. Waugh's Australian Almanac for Year 1861, 12mo. 5s. 6d.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—THE ANALYTICAL SANITARY COMMISSION.—THE LANCET, of next week, July 6th (being No. 1. of a New Volume), will contain the First Report of a New Series of Investigations on the Adulteration of Articles of Food and Drink, giving the Names and Addresses of the Vendors. In the same Number will be published the First of a Course of Lectures on the Diagnosis and Treatment of the various Forms of Paralysis, by Dr. Brown-Séquard, Physician to the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic, &c. Also, the First of a Course of Six Lectures on the Influence of Rest in the Treatment of Surgical Diseases and Accidents, by Mr. Hilton, Physician to Guy's Hospital, Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons.—'THE LANCET' may be had of all Booksellers and Newsmen, price 7d.; stamped, 8d.; or at the Office, 423, Strand, London, W.C.

## JOHN BARON CAMPBELL.

A pleasant story has long been current in the House of Lords and the Inns of Court that Lord Chancellor Brougham would never die for fear that Lord Campbell would write his Life. Lord Campbell was made to answer this jest that he would write Lord Brougham's Life whether he died or not. Lord Brougham is said to have retaliated in black and white; so that while the author of the 'Statesmen of the Reign of George the Third' is said to have a Life of Lord Campbell in his desk, the author of the 'Lives of the Chancellors' is said to have had in his desk a Life of Lord Brougham. Time will show, for whatever has been written by either will in all probability be one day given to the public. As it is, the greater man and greater writer has survived his

brother Chancellor, and it was pleasant to find that his was one of the earliest, and one of the warmest, of those voices which expressed the nation's regret at its recent loss.

Born in 1781, the son of a Scotch minister of narrow fortunes, Lord Campbell, after receiving a preliminary education at St. Andrew's, quitted North Britain, and came up to London, whilst still a beardless lad, to take his lot amongst those whom the first Lord Colchester designated "blackguard newswriters,"—to win subsistence at the point of the pen, and push his way at the Bar to those prizes from which the world is separated by a barricade of legs of mutton. George Stephenson, born also in 1781, had not yet even thought of binding the country with iron bands, and the journey from Edinburgh to London was no amusement for luxurious idlers. Young Campbell was three nights and two days on the road, and when one of Palmer's swift mail-coaches deposited him late at night on London pavement, he was sorely tired with fatigue and hunger. He had eaten little or nothing for six-and-thirty hours, and the expenses of the transit had reduced his store of ready money to eighteen pence. A friend had secured him a cheap lodging, near the coach-office, and thither the adventurer carried his baggage, inquiring his way through the dimly-lighted streets. Having disposed of his impedimenta, he sallied forth again—but not to supper. Hungry as he was, he had business to transact before breaking his fast. Directing his steps to the office of the *Morning Chronicle*, he gained admittance to the editor, then deep in his nocturnal labours, and ascertained that he was really and truly engaged upon the staff of the journal,—that the post he had come from Scotland to fill had not been assigned to another candidate. That important point settled, the raw-boned lad strode off to the nearest eating-house, and consumed three sixpenny plates of beef. Had the result of his application at the newspaper-office been unsatisfactory, his meal would have been less abundant. He would have contented himself with one plate of meat, and reserved his last shilling for the next day's exigencies. Such is the story his old literary associates used to tell of "plain John Campbell's" first entry into London.

The post thus obtained on the *Morning Chronicle* (on which he subsequently became a reporter) was that of theatrical critic. Resolute and persevering, the young *littérateur* discharged his duties to the best of his ability; but at that time his qualifications to act as a director of public taste were very slender, and one of his first achievements as a London press-man was a review, much prized by the collectors of journalistic curiosities, of one of Shakespeare's tragedies which, under the impression that it was a new play, he spoke of in flattering terms as a meritorious effort on the part of the author to revive the Elizabethan drama.

Literary barristers—an important division of the literary profession, and a by no means unimportant element of the Bar,—are, for the most part, men who, bent on attaining the prizes of the law, use literature selfishly, and throw her aside unscrupulously when she has served their ends. To do Lord Campbell justice, he was one of many honourable exceptions to this rule. He sincerely loved the society and pursuits of men of letters, his vanity and his tastes alike fostering in him ambition to be distinguished as a writer. From 1806, when he was called to the Bar by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, he devoted himself assiduously to his profession; but, as he avowed in his later years on more than one occasion, he at no period of his life was free from a restless craving for an author's fame.

Never was the patience of a young barrister with such craving more tried. Briefs came very slowly. It was true that he suffered under many disadvantages from which his precursors in the race for the Woolsack were either almost or altogether exempt. Eldon started with an Oxford reputation, found clients immediately upon settling in town, and came into possession of a legacy of 1,000l. in the course of the following year. Erskine had the prestige of aristocratic birth, and the polished manners of one who had been bred in the service of his king. Wedderburn, notwithstanding

his biographers' insinuations as to his want of success in Edinburgh, had tried and proved his stuff at the Scotch bar before joining the English Bar. Campbell, on the other hand, was poor, and born in the middle rank of life, and in an humble position of that rank. He was, moreover, without high academical distinction, and without any compensating natural endowments. Uncouth in manner, devoid of eloquence, and awkward in person, he laboured under almost every disability that it was possible for an intelligent young man of honest repute to labour under. He had, however, three things on his side—his patience, dogged resolution, and nationality. Scotch cohesion gradually brought him a connexion, and when a client came to him he was always found painstaking, zealous, anxious to please, and sufficiently informed. To gain favour with solicitors and attorneys he introduced their names into his 'Reports of Cases determined at Nisi Prius, in the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, and on the Home Circuit,' published between 1812 and 1816.

Thus steadily plodding onwards, and not frightening attorneys by writing volumes of *belles-lettres*, Campbell slowly advanced to position and practice, and married, in 1821, Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Sir James Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger. In 1827 he took silk, and in 1830, when nearly fifty years of age, entered the House of Commons, as member for Stafford. In 1832 he became Solicitor-General, and took his seat as the representative of Dudley. The Attorney-generalship fell to him in 1834, when, on his failing to achieve reelection at Dudley, he was returned by Edinburgh, which constituency he represented till he entered the House of Peers, in 1841. In that year, after having seen the Mastership of the Rolls conferred successively on Pepys and Bickersteth, "plain John Campbell" was sent with a peerage to preside over Irish equity. The Irish Chancellorship immediately afterwards fell from his hands on the resignation of Lord Melbourne's Cabinet; and for the next five years, without profession or office, the ex-Chancellor devoted himself entirely to literature. Prudential considerations no longer existed to restrain him from indulging his humour, and he entered on those labours which resulted in the production of 'The Lives of the Lord Chancellors,' and 'The Lives of the Chief Justices.' In 1846, on the formation of Lord John Russell's cabinet, he accepted the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster; in 1850, when close on seventy years of age, he became Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench; and in 1859, length of days bringing him the prize he had long desired and struggled for, he took his seat upon the Woolsack. At last victory came to the strong constitution and enduring frame, which retained their tone and vigour till Death by a sudden blow broke them down last Sunday morning.

As an orator, Lord Campbell was far below the average of his profession, and as an advocate he in no cause displayed either subtlety or tact of a high order. The miscarriage of the prosecution of Lord Cardigan for shooting Capt. Tucket was due solely to his mismanagement. By the defence of Lord Melbourne he achieved a transient popularity, and elicited the applause of the House of Commons; but that trial was, as far as the public and the House were concerned, a political trial, and the acclamations bestowed on the successful advocate were expressions of political sympathy rather than critical approval. The period perhaps in which Lord Campbell appears to best advantage is when he sat as Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, and by a conscientious and sagacious discharge of his judicial functions made even his enemies allow that his high sense of his own merits was not altogether unsupported by facts. In Chancery, Lord Campbell was for the most part a mere form. Fortunately, he had more than one important cause, which a common-law Judge was as well qualified to hear as a Chancellor of Eldon's faculties; but in cases turning altogether on equity, the ex-Chief Justice contented himself with sustaining the decisions of the Courts below. Indeed, so much was this the case, that dissatisfied suitors rather than waste time and money on a re-hearing, were getting into the habit of enrolling the decrees of the lower

Courts, and appealing at once to the House of Lords.

In judging of Lord Campbell's literary productions, it must be remembered that his works were not the amusement of a busy life, but achievements on which he expended the several years during which he either held no office at all or was only Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Had they been written in vacations, it would have been enough to regret that a lawyer with only a few months a year at his disposal should have undertaken more than his opportunities could permit him to accomplish effectively. But when the circumstances under which they were composed are remembered, it is an abuse of charity to abstain from condemning their hastiness and inaccuracy. As gossiping reviews of the books out of which they are compiled, the 'Lives' will bear comparison with the higher sort of lively magazine articles; but Lord Campbell put them forth as grave history, not mere books of *ana*. The views he took were such as he found adopted in the pages of previous writers. When Macaulay was the most convenient authority, he adopted Macaulay; when Miss Agnes Strickland answered his purpose, he used her works in like manner. And it is to be regretted that he omitted to acknowledge with candour the sources from which his superficial information was gained. His most serviceable literary work was the Libel Act (which allowed a person to plead justification), and his Act for the Suppression of Obscene Publications. These Acts have in no small degree contributed to the freedom of discussion and the purity of the press. Of themselves they would be sufficient witnesses to his fame.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

U.S. Consulate, Levuka, Fiji, Nov. 15, 1860.

On the north-west point of the island of Kadavu rises a mountain, nearly 4,000 feet high, which, from a certain resemblance to the hillocks on which yams are planted, is termed Buke Levu, or the Large Yam Hill. No white man had ever ascended it, and though laid down in the latest maps its very name is not recorded. We had on two occasions made attempts to reach the summit, but were baffled by gales and rain. However, when Mr. Pritchard and I were at Bega, the fine weather induced us to steer once more for Kadavu, and, sailing all night, daybreak disclosed the bold, dome-shaped outline of Buke Levu. On bringing our little schooner to anchor off Talaulia, heavy showers overtook us, and we began to despair of ever attaining our object, when, about nine o'clock, it suddenly cleared up. The natives, who had watched from the beach, could not understand our hesitation in not landing at once, and in proof that they were friendly disposed, brought out their women and children, and, moreover, carried green boughs, as the troops do in Macbeth when "Birnam wood removes to Dunsinane." On learning our object in coming, fifteen men and boys cheerfully volunteered to accompany us. The ascent commenced the moment we left Talaulia, and passing over cultivated grounds where the people were busily engaged with their crops of sugar-cane, yams, taros, and plantains, we reached, in about a quarter of an hour, a village where another party of natives joined us, and where we saw some fine plants of the different kinds of kava, for which Kadavu is renowned. A narrow path, often winding along precipices and through rivulets, led to about 1,500 feet elevation, when it gradually faded away, and the isolated patches of cultivation noticed up to this height, as well as the wood which had re-occupied ground at one time cleared, gave place to an undisturbed virgin forest, through which we had to cut our way. We had taken the precaution of bringing a strong rope, sixty feet long, which, made fast to trees, proved extremely useful in dragging ourselves up almost perpendicular rocks, in the rainy season occupied by waterfalls, and even at this time of the year very slippery. On some of them were found a number of delicate ferns (*Hymenophyllum*), and quite a new species of land shell (*Bulimus*), fully two inches long, and of a bright salmon colour. In order to

save time we had directed one of our men to push ahead and prepare a camp-kettle full of tea. When, at last, after great exertion and frequent stopping to examine objects of interest, we reached the top, he and half-a-dozen others were already there, but they had omitted to bring either matches, firesticks, or water, and even the cocoa-nuts, packed up with the rest of the day's provisions, were too old for drinking. Being exceedingly thirsty, we could not touch food, hungry though we were. The natives declared the nearest water to be more than 1,000 feet down, and as they had not the proper wood it was impossible for them to kindle fire by friction. However, a man must have read 'Robinson Crusoe' to little purpose if his resources fail him in moments like these. We were determined not to let our explorations come to a sudden stop for want of something to drink. Mr. Pritchard left me the option between procuring fire or water; to guard against lame excuses on the part of the natives, it was thought necessary that one of us should go with them in search of a spring. Knowing what a hard job it was to make fire by rubbing, without pausing, two pieces of wood together, especially in the tropics, I declared in favour of getting the water. My companion, who did not seem to relish descending so many feet and climbing up again, was evidently pleased with his lot. In spite of all the natives were saying about making the wood answer, he resolutely began rubbing away. Great exertions were required; hat, jacket, vest, and neck-tie discarded to give greater freedom to action. At last came the reward; the wood began to smoke, sparks appeared, went out again, re-appeared, and brought in contact with a piece of bark cloth cut off the tail of a boy's dress, soon produced a flame. All this time I had been sitting on an old stump, feigning to be quite insensible to certain hints about the desirableness of looking after the execution of my part of the contract. When the first flame had appeared I at last bestirred myself, and, to the surprise of the fire-kindler, instead of going a long way for water, climbed up a neighbouring tree on which I had noticed an epiphytial plant (*Astelia*), the leaves of which, acting as a kind of rain-gauge, were filled with pure water. By merely emptying these the necessary supply was obtained; ere long tea was ready, and relished all the more from recalling to mind the long-established connexion between cups, slips and lips.

After all hands had partaken of the refreshment, a number of trees were felled, in order to gain, if possible, a view, the top of the mountain being densely wooded. No sooner had this been accomplished than, to our joy, the clouds, which up to this time had been interposed between us and the region below, dispersed, disclosing a great part of Kadavu and the sea. Our little schooner was snugly lying at anchor, flying the British colours; but we listened in vain for the signal guns, which the men had been directed to fire as soon as they should perceive the smoke of our fire. We afterwards learned that it had been found impossible to distinguish between smoke and clouds. A large native canoe, with its triangular sail, was seen approaching the shores, and the blasts of the conch-shells could be heard distinctly, though we were nearly 4,000 feet high. Otherwise there was a deep silence, only occasionally broken by the dogs which have become naturalized in these wilds, as the domestic fowls have in other parts of the group. The vegetation encountered was similar to that of Voma Peak in Viti Levu; there were the same scarlet orchids and epiphytial ferns, but also several new species of plants. The Cinnamonum, furnishing a superior Cassia bark, was here as plentiful as in Great Fiji; a kind of Gummi Gutt tree also engaged our attention. Buke Levu is evidently an extinct volcano, and the hot springs at its foot may possibly stand in some connexion with the cause of its former activity. There is a swamp at the top; but we did not discover any large crater.

Having left on one of the trees a bottle containing a record of our visit, we commenced the descent, which presented in some parts serious difficulties, but, thanks to our rope, we overcame them all, only one of the lads having a serious tumble, by which he sprained his ankle. Before we were more

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than half way down it was completely dark, when the natives lit bundles of reeds and the stems of an *Erigeron*, both of which made excellent torches. On arriving at the first grove of cocoa-nut palms, a general halt was made, and heaps of nuts were brought down from the trees, and emptied of their contents with astonishing rapidity. It was past nine o'clock, just twelve hours after we started, when we reached Talaulia, where the whole village was assembled at the house of the teacher, and our native companions gave a circumstantial account of our day's proceedings.

Early next morning every one who had accompanied us received a butcher's knife, which elicited much clapping of hands in proof that the gift was acceptable. Money would not have pleased half as much, as its use is not yet understood. All payments are made in kind,—a most irksome and cumbersome way, compelling you to carry a whole heap of things to defray the current expenses of a cruise. Articles regarded as small change, and making one look like a pedlar, you are supposed to have always about you. In one pocket you carry pipes and tobacco—in great demand, but held rather cheap; in another fish-hooks, 'jewels', harps and beads, the spare room to be filled up with scissors and knives of various descriptions. Your gold and bank notes, represented by bales of Manchester print, especially Navy blue, flannel jackets and woollen blankets—killing the natives faster than brandy and the so-called vices of civilization, and American hatchets, price \$5 a piece, are kept on board. The inconvenience and expense of paying for everything by articles of barter is increased by some of the goods not proving acceptable in all towns, and the natives refusing certain things because they happen to differ in some unimportant trifle from those generally in use. Knives with white handles, instead of black, would be objected to, though their blades might be first-rate; and I learned, to my cost, that it is absolutely useless to lay in stock at Sydney unless one obtains exact information regarding the articles in demand.

On leaving Talaulia, we steered eastwards, passing Yawe, famous for its manufacture of large earthenware pots, made without a wheel, in order to bid farewell to Mr. Royce, the principal missionary at Tavuki, under whose hospitable roof we had previously stayed. Tavuki, from being made the centre of the mission of the district, may be regarded as the capital of Kadavu and its dependencies. The island of Kadavu, of which so little is known, is hilly and highly cultivated; its population, said to number 10,000, is a mixture between the Fijian and Tonguese races, all of whom, with the exception of seven individuals, have nominally become Christians. The island is twenty-five miles long, stretching from east to west, and being contracted about the centre into the narrow Isthmus of Yabalale, literally "Haul-across," from the fact of canoes and boats being dragged across it, in order to save the trouble and escape the danger of a long passage around either the east or west point. We crossed there on a previous occasion, and found the northern portion of the passage a fine avenue of cocoa-nut palms, the southern, more or less, a mangrove swamp. A similar short cut for canoes is effected in Vanua Levu. On both sides of the Isthmus of Yabalale there is a bay; the northern, Na Malata, is shallow and open; the southern, Ga loa, has deep water, good anchorage, and three passages through the reef outside. The different surveying expeditions having quite overlooked this fine bay, Mr. Pritchard made a rough survey in 1858, it being not improbable that if the much-discussed communication between Sydney and Western America should be established *via* Fiji, steamers would prefer calling at this southernmost bay, with plenty of sea-room outside, than run the risk of entering the labyrinth of reefs, shoals and rocks which render the navigation of the central part of the group rather difficult. There are three islands; the largest, 200 feet high, about a mile long, and half a mile across, is termed Ga loa (Black Duck), and confers its name on the bay. It is full of fruit-trees, and pointed out as the spot where, only a twelvemonth ago, a man was baked and eaten. Cannibalism in Fiji is soon number amongst the things that have been.

The influence of all the whites residing in or visiting the group is steadily directed towards its extinction; and though a missionary has asserted in print that he had been told some of the white residents were habitual partakers of human flesh, I think, for the honour of our race, such second-hand stories ought to be indignantly rejected. Antiquaries know that cannibalism of a certain form lingered in Europe long after the Reformation; that mummies, thought to be Egyptian, were extensively used medicinally; and that only after it was found out people had not partaken of the contemporaries of Thothmes the First or Rameses the Great, but of bituminized portions of their own fellow countrymen, this precious medicine fell into absolute disuse. Even in our own times we may still meet in certain parts of Europe people doing what has been recorded with horror of the Fijian—that of drinking the living blood of man; but, mark! with this essential difference, that the former do it in hopes of thereby curing fits of epilepsy, whilst the latter did it to gratify revenge and exult over fallen enemies. As for an European, even of the lowest grade, coolly sitting down to a regular cannibal feast, the idea is too preposterous to have ever been allowed to disgrace the pages of a modern publication.

Taudrom, another of the islands in Ga loa Bay, scarcely half a mile around, now belongs to an American Indian of real flesh and blood, and in former times was inhabited by Ratu va caki, a mighty spirit, who, with his sons, all like their father, of prepossessing appearance, and bearing poetical names, seem to have played the same part in Fiji as the Erl-King and his daughters did in Europe. Many are the stories told of their deeds and adventures. Generally they used to go out together; but if Ratu va caki was disinclined, the boys, who, young rascals! had as keen an appreciation of a pretty face and good figure as their old rake of a father, would go out by themselves, principally moving about in heavy squalls and gales—hence their invisible canoe was termed *Loaloa*; and if soon after stormy weather any fine young girls suddenly died, it was proverbially said that Ratu va caki and his sons had enticed them away. However, poetical justice was done at last. One day, when all were at Yanuca, near Bega, their presence, notwithstanding their having assumed human shape, was discovered by the local god, who rightly guessed their intentions. When they were performing a dance, and all the girls were admiringly watching their movements, the local god caused his priest to prepare a certain mixture, which, on being sprinkled over the visitors, made the arms, legs and other parts of their bodies assume such ridiculous shapes that they became the common laughing-stock of all, and could never think again of undertaking similar expeditions.

At sunset we left Tavuki, and had put to sea scarcely an hour when the weather became squally and very thick, compelling us to take in all canvas except the foresail. We should have fared ill if it had not been for the presence of the Consular interpreter, Charles Wise, who combines with a perfect knowledge of the Fijian language, customs and manners, the advantage of being perhaps the best pilot in the group—the more appreciated amongst a maze of 230 islands, of which there exists no reliable chart. After an anxious night among reefs and shoals, we found ourselves off Rewa; and as the wind had now become a gale, the rain was coming down in torrents, and the sea was very high, we took shelter in Laucala Bay, anchoring opposite the premises of Pickering, alluded to in a previous communication. The occupier was absent, but his people made us comfortable; and in the evening a boat took us across the Rewa river to Mataisava, where the bad weather detained us several days. The coast about here was surveyed years ago by Belcher and Kellett, and has of late attracted some attention from a prevailing conviction that somewhere in this neighbourhood, probably in Suva Bay, will be the capital of Fiji, if the country should become a British colony, Bau, where the present king resides, being built on a mere islet, and not possessing any advantages in the eyes of foreigners. There are three places which have put in a plea for the

distinction,—Levuka, Port Kinnaird and Suva; but the arguments advanced incline in favour of Suva, situate in a fine bay, open to the prevailing winds, and on rising ground, and having an inside reef communicating with nearly the whole southern portion of Viti Levu, and the Navua and Rewa rivers. Land has, in consequence, so much risen, that an acre, worth a couple of years ago only a few pence, now fetches 10*l.* and upwards.

The mouth of the Rewa river during the rainy season is notorious for myriads of mosquitoes. On some evenings the hecatombs slain by incautious contact with the flame actually put the candles out. At the Mission Station, Mr. Moore once contrived a room on the principle of a mosquito curtain, but the contrivance was not found to answer, as few persons could be induced to purchase freedom from irritating bites by confinement for several hours of a hot night in an insufficiently ventilated kind of cage, which, from its very nature, could not be so large as to admit of much moving about or the introduction of light for reading and writing. Mosquitoes are objects to which the attention of all new comers is irresistibly directed. Those of Somosomo never favoured us with a call until after breakfast, and they obligingly withdrew about sunset, in order to let us have the evening to ourselves. In other parts of the group the evening is their very time for paying visits. The moment one of their monotonous *polos* is heard, a *tutti* will immediately follow. The difference between the voices of the various species is almost as great as that observable in those of men, and a naturalist studying these insects thoroughly should either possess an ear musically trained or else carry a fiddle, in order to determine the exact note struck up. I am persuaded that every mosquito, from the large sluggish one of the Arctic Circle to the little swift one of the Equator, may be known as readily by its peculiar note as by any artificial diagnosis—the Sydney one pre-eminently by its very deep tone.

Sacred groves formed as prominent a part in the Paganism of the Fijians as they did in that of the Indo-Germanic nations, and there still exists a fine one at Na vadra tolu, about a mile from the Mission Station. Keeping along the sandy beach you observe a large Yevu-yevu tree (*Hernandia Sonora*), forming a bower which leads to a very curious group. A venerable Vutu rakarakaka (*Baringtonia speciosa*), more than 60 feet high, has thrown out several strong branches, two of which form, in connexion with its stem, bold arches. Epiphytical figs, with their numerous roots, are holding the monster in close embrace. Ferns, and festoons of arborescent plants, and wax flowers, tend to increase the wildness of the fantastic scene; whilst the dense foliage of surrounding Tahitian chestnuts and Vesi trees insure a constant gloom and sombreness to the place. It was here, where, in times gone by, when Rewa was a heathen district, the priests spent whole nights in consultation with the gods to decide whether peace or war was to be the watchword. If at dawn of day blood was found in the paths, more blood was to be spilt; if no such omen was observed, peace was desirable. Several of these groves were destroyed on the introduction of Christianity; a large one near Bau was felled the day after Cakobau, the King of Fiji, had embraced the new faith, the woodcutters trembling when they had to lay the axe on objects so long sacred to them by all the laws of *taboo*. Sacred stones, to which the natives pay reverence, also exist in Fiji; for instance, near Vuna and Bau, as well as in many other parts of Polynesia. Fully granting their being the supposed abode of certain gods or goddesses, as has been contended, we can only hope to arrive at their real significance by considering them in connexion with the ideas associated with, or represented by, other monoliths. I would particularly direct attention to their peculiar shape, of which some good illustrations have been published. Compared with certain remnants of Priapus worship as found in India, the Museo Segreto at Naples, or freed from every trace of obscenity, in the obelisks of Egypt, their nature becomes evident. More or less, these monoliths represented the generative principle or procreation; and, if the subject admitted of popular treatment,

it would not be difficult to show that the Polynesian stones, their shape, the reverence paid to them, their decoration, and the results expected from their worship, are quite in accordance with a superstition of wide geographical range. Some of these South Sea stone gods were supposed to cause fecundity in pigs, rain and sunshine. A stone at Mayo was carefully wrapped up in flannel, periodically worshipped, and supplicated to send wrecks on the coast. Two large stones lying at the bottom of a moat are said to have given birth to Degei, the supreme god of Fiji. In all instances an addition to objects already existing was expected from these monoliths. There was a stone near Bau which, whenever a lady of rank at the Fijian capital was confined, simultaneously gave birth to a little stone. It argues nothing that these stony offsprings were fraudulently placed there. The ideas floating in the minds of the bulk of the people absolutely tended towards the conviction that some mysterious connexion existed between the large stone and the Bauan ladies. Since the introduction of Christianity to these districts, it has been found necessary to remove the large stone, in order to check the prevailing superstition, leaving its numerous posterity behind to get on as best it may.

Leaving Rewa roads on the 10th of September, we reached Port Kinnaird on the following day, where our little schooner was refitted, and we made every preparation for another, my last, cruise. The natives were now beginning to discuss the possible chances of what may be called their whitebait season, the time of the year when the Balolo comes in, an annelidan, the periodical appearance of which is watched with the deepest interest and predicted with almost unerring certainty from the phases of the moon. But of the very existence of this animal naturalists knew nothing until, a few years ago, Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, described it under the name of *Palolo viridis*, adopting the Samoan and Tonguese term for the genus, and Dr. Macdonald wrote on its anatomy. The first few of these wormlike creatures floating on the surface of the ocean are seen in October, hence termed Balolo lailai, a little Balolo month. Myriads appear about the middle of November (generally attaining their climax on the 18th), which from that fact is called Balolo levu, or great Balolo, and the natives on the coast are particularly busy in catching and forwarding this delicacy of the season to their friends at a distance, all the more appreciated as a whole year must elapse before it makes its re-appearance. From personal experience I can add nothing respecting the taste of this dainty article of food. Some of the white residents in Fiji eat it, and a strong-minded English lady assured me it was quite a relish. However, everybody knows the old proverb "De gustibus, &c.,"—and if in the Samoan, Tongan, or Fijian group a dish of Balolo should be served up, strangers must exercise their own discretion whether these little, creeping, crawling things, with their cylindrical, jointed body, green, with a row of black spots, are a delicacy to be recommended, or a nuisance to be avoided.

BERTHOLD SEMANN, Ph.D.

Munich, June 21, 1861.

THE Frauenkirche is again open, after a fifteen months' interval of restoration, and, though I am given to understand that it is not yet fully completed, I believe it is sufficiently advanced for an idea to be given of it. What is the extent of clearing out I cannot say, for I have a very imperfect recollection of the church as it formerly appeared. The chief additions are the high altar and two side altars—all the work of Philip Foltz, the architect; the pulpit in carved wood, and the canopy for the archbishop. The altars are somewhat in the style of the *Sacramentshäuslein* of the Church of St. Lawrence in Nuremberg, "tapering into a high central spire of florid open Gothic work," with side pinnacles, and a mass of sculpture and ornamental work niched in wherever a place was to be found. They are covered with gilding above and below,—the lower figures are life-like, with painted faces and beards, gilt mitres, all in the most perfect German manner of wood-carving and painting. On the panels at the sides, over the centre group of the high altar, and the single figures of the side altars,

is a profusion of gold and fine work, wreathed and involved so as almost to rival the painful workers of olden time, save that they produced in stone the effects that here are produced by wood and gilding. The carving of the pulpit and the archbishop's canopy is also very fine and praiseworthy; many of the heads and figures on the pulpit have much character and expression. On the outer panels of the high altar are two divisions of a painting by Prof. Moritz von Schwind, the painter of the academical buildings in Carlsruhe. The subject of the two panels is the Adoration of the Kings; but unfortunately they are kept open to show the interior carved group, and the paintings are mostly hidden by pillars. I could only see a very thin edge of each panel, but from what I saw I should judge favourably. The subject is treated in the early German style, to harmonize with the rest of the church and the Gothic altar, but the pictures are not servile copies in the manner of Overbeck; both the heads and the backgrounds show nature and freedom. On the whole, one must view King Maximilian's additions to the glories of Munich with much favour. The national character of the works, the free development they give to German genius, by connecting the artists of this century with their ancestors, make them worthy to compete with the same number of King Ludwig's undertakings; while as reflecting the character of a nation and as spontaneous products, they are infinitely more valuable than copies of the Pitti Palace and the Church of St. Paul's.

The design of Riedel's national museum, exhibited in a small architectural collection during the past week, is worthy of the same praise. Further, the collection contains several works of architects and engineers in Munich, some for the present improvements, others of too great magnificence to be practicable as yet. Among the latter are some superb dwelling-houses "for the Maximilian's Strasse," which would need state or royal purses, not those of private builders, who have done so much harm to the finest street in Munich. Of the first I may mention a fine sluice with gratings for the Isar by the new Maximilian's Bridge, and a floodgate for the sluice, contrived with fivefold mechanism to gain ease in lifting. Several designs of wooden country-houses, so common throughout the Bavarian highlands, show an amount of picturesque decoration and ingenious contrivance one would gladly see bestowed on palaces. E. W.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE anniversary dinner of the Printers' Pension Society will be held at the London Tavern, on Wednesday next, July 3. Mr. Haliburton will take the chair.

We hear that the Continental states, in selecting their artistic treasures for next year, are likely to adopt the freest interpretation of the words "modern Art." England adopts the year 1762,—a term that gives us the choice of all our best examples. Belgium takes the year 1830, that in which she became an independent nation. Politically speaking, this resolution is a proper one, though it will exclude from the Exhibition some very splendid works. Spain means to go back above two centuries, so as to include Murillo. Such a classification defies all rule; but we shall readily pardon a construction that brings the magnificent pictures from the Caridad and Museo to London. No man knows Murillo who has not been to Seville. France hesitates about her date, but she will certainly go further back than we in England think it right to do for ourselves. Italy also pauses; but if Spain is to send Murillo and Spagnoletto, why should not Italy send her Titians, Raphaels and Guidos?

On Monday morning, the Queen made a visit to her favourite gardens at South Kensington, and aided in planting a memorial tree. The young sapling—a *Wellingtonia gigantea*—had been some days in the ground, and Her Majesty "dug about and planted it." Trees rank among the most poetical and tender of memorials. Who has not longed to sit under Elizabeth's oak at Hatfield Chase? The elms of Gray's Inn Gardens draw a charm from Bacon. Shakespeare's mulberry, planted

at New Place, has a fame wide as the world. Wycliff's oak near Weybridge, Luther's oak near Worms, are scarcely less famous. Everyone who visits Cambridge goes to see Milton's mulberry-tree in the gardens of Queen's. "Let us plant a tree together for remembrance" is a more lofty and loving form of hospitality than "Let us break bread together and be at peace." All England will be glad to find Her Majesty returning to fresh and healthy enjoyment of her life.

Mr. Thorpe has nearly ready for the press a volume comprising copies of all the charters of the Anglo-Saxon period known to be extant, *exclusive* of the simple grants of land; that is, every charter of strictly historic interest, viz., the wills of royal and noble persons, prelates and others; miscellaneous charters; manumissions of serfs. The work will contain many charters not included in Kemble's 'Codex Diplomaticus'; the text will be formed from a collation of the original manuscripts, and now first accompanied by a translation of the Saxon. The grants of land are intended for publication hereafter.

We give the following as we receive it:—

"Llanbrechda Grange, Newport, Mon., June 25, 1861.

"I should be much obliged if you would give publicity to this letter, as I consider the circumstance important to authors, and to all who object to having their productions pirated. In the March number of the *Penny Post* appeared a poem, entitled 'Litany for the Hours,' signed with the initials E. L. B. or E. S. B. I was much surprised at finding it to be, word for word, a poem of my own, published in a volume of mine, entitled 'First Fruits: Poems,' by E. H. R. (Hurst & Blackett, 1857). I wrote a civil letter to the Editor of the *Penny Post*, requesting him to acknowledge the source whence the poem was taken, thinking, of course, any gentleman would be glad to comply with so reasonable a request. I received no answer whatever. I then went to the office—377, Strand—to inquire personally into the matter; but the person in charge ignored everything concerning it, and advised me to write to Mr. Parker, of Oxford, the Publisher of the *Penny Post*. This I, accordingly, did, but received no reply. I then again wrote to the editor, and requested an answer to my former letter; but he still preserves an insulting silence. I then resolved to make the matter public; and write to you now, not so much to complain of the piracy or of the false initials (for these may have arisen from a mistake), but of the discourtesy which silently refuses to rectify an error—a discourtesy which, I am sure, no other editor will attempt to justify. "I am, &c.,

"ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL."

—There must have been some miscarriage of letters in this case. The desire to be just is common, we suppose, to all editors and to all men. In the case of a lady reclaiming her own literary property, this appearance of a lack of courtesy can only have arisen, we should think, from a failure of the communication.

We hear, from Dublin, of the death of Prof. Charles Darley, brother of the late George Darley. Charles Darley was an accomplished scholar and writer whose hopes of high distinction as a man of letters were chiefly limited by his excessive sensibility. He was best known as Professor of Modern History and English Literature at Cork, a position which he resigned some years ago from failing health. He died in his sixtieth year.

Prof. Hodgkinson—renowned for his knowledge of the properties of iron, especially as regards the application of the metal to architecture and engineering—died last week, at Broughton, near Manchester. The September Meeting of the British Association will, consequently, miss one of its chief officers and local illustrations.

One day last week Mr. Leigh Sotheby, of the firm of Sotheby & Wilkinson, auctioneers of literary property, was found in the shallows of the river Dart, near his own house, dead. The manner of his death is uncertain; he appeared to have been drowned, though the water scarcely covered his body, but his physician seemed to attribute his death to a spasm of the heart. The coroner's jury

return will be printed just come. Mr. in No. remem. Amer every one Mr. I motive have variou disrupt speech the po one at sentat We clama "K public to stat mine, Messa the po pages had c as 'Any comp the de during April book

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returned a verdict of "Found dead." Mr. Sotheby will be remembered by his great work on Block Printing, and by a smaller work which he had only just completed when he passed from among living men, "Wanderings in Search of Milton's Autograph."

Mr. H. Reed wishes to state of his 'Sketches in North America,'—of which work this journal remarked, that much of it was compilation from American newspapers,—that "the extracts of every description do not amount to more than one sixth of the book." One sixth! We allow Mr. Reed the benefit of his statement as to his motives in making the copious extracts:—"As I have endeavoured to describe Congress, and the various complicated questions that have led to the disruption, a considerable number of extracts from speeches, and from the views of leading writers on the points in dispute, might fairly be expected from one anxious to be impartial and to avoid misrepresentation."

We have received the following notice and reclamation:—

"32, Merrion Street, Dublin, June 18, 1861.

"Knowing that your columns are open for any public advertisement of literary despoilment, I beg to state that a little vehicle or light wagonette of mine, entitled 'Roman Candles,' published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, was lately stopped on the road, and plundered, unscrupulously, of whole pages. The name of the highwayman is known; he had crape over his face and was clumsily disguised as 'An Architectural Student now in Italy.' Any one who would care to take the trouble of comparing pp. 147, 8, 9, of 'Roman Candles,' and the description of the 'Misereere,' and of St. Peter's during the Holy Week, with *The Builder* of April last, will see how impudently the former book has been pillaged.

"THE AUTHOR OF 'ROMAN CANDLES.'"

We are glad to find, contrary to a report which has appeared in some of the newspapers, that the death of Mr. Herbert Coleridge has not interrupted the labours of the Philological Society on their New English Dictionary. Indeed, respect for the memory of this careful scholar and genial gentleman is inducing his friends to engage with greater energy in the scheme. Dr. C. Lottner, the writer of several papers in the Society's *Transactions*, and in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, has been engaged to prepare lists of all the prefixes, roots and suffixes of all the words in our language. He has already, we believe, completed the A's in Worcester's Dictionary. The lists will be used as the first rough drafts for the Etymological committee to consider. The task of reading goes on well; but in this branch more assistants are required. In the first period (1250 to 1526), 142 works and authors have been read or are in process of being read; in the second period (1526 to 1674), 465 works and authors; in the third period (1674 to 1861), 73 works and authors. Who will help to continue and extend this honourable and useful work? We are glad to see that several ladies lend their aid. The labour is of a kind that should find many willing hands among our educated and intellectual women. The reading of any books not already in hand, will be of service to the Dictionary. The choice is still wide: hardly any of Caxton's, Wycliffe's, or other early printers' books have been read for the first period; in the second period, the names of Kyd, Chettle, Davies, Fanshawe, R. Taylor, Tourneur, Knolles, Cartwright, Randolph, Corbet, Carew (poet), Denham, Cleveland, John Hales, Chillingworth, Usher, Harrington (Oceana, 1656), Baker (Chronicle, 1641), May, Waller, Marvel, Hobbes, appear to be still open to volunteers; in the third period, Bunyan, Blackstone, Defoe, Addison, Arnold, Burns, Byron, Campbell, Cowper, Crabbe, Darwin, Dryden, Dickens, Gibbon, Gay, Gaskell, Grote, Hood, Junius, Keble, Keats, Locke, Lingard, Martineau, Manning, The Mills, Hugh Miller, Milman, Paine, Pope, Richardson, Robertson, Scott (Novels), Shelley, Adam Smith, Sydney Smith, Steele, Smollett, Trench, and many more, are still unread. Here is temptation to many who may be desirous of aiding in the achievement of a splendid national work.

A contemporary journal, in noticing Dr. Gray's letter respecting Mr. Du Chaillu's discoveries,

observes:—"If there be any doubt on this subject, we refer the inquirer to the officials of the French Museum, of whom Dr. Gray spoke so evilly that Dr. Milne-Edwards and a committee of savans appointed to investigate the matter reported of his words that they were baseless." Dr. Gray appears not to have considered the subject worthy of any notice; but it seems that a gentleman connected with the London press (who is believed to be the author of the article), but personally unknown to Prof. Milne-Edwards, has written to him on the subject; and Prof. Milne-Edwards has sent to a friend in London a copy of his reply, which reads as follows:—"Monsieur,—En réponse à votre lettre du 21<sup>e</sup>, je m'empresse de vous dire que les relations existantes entre les administrateurs du Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle de Paris et M. le Dr. Gray du 'British Museum' ont toujours été les plus satisfaisantes, et que la commission à laquelle vous faites probablement allusion a été instituée en 1849 pour examiner des imputations calomnieuses produites, non pas à Londres, mais à Paris, par une personne malveillante ou malinformée, qui n'appartenait à aucun établissement scientifique. On prétendait qu'un de nos employés avait dérobé à notre Musée certains objets et les avait vendus, soit à l'administration du 'British Museum,' soit à des Naturalistes de Bruxelles et de Turin. J'ai provoqué immédiatement une enquête à ce sujet, et j'ai prié M. Gray, l'un des conservateurs du 'British Museum,' de vouloir bien me donner tous les renseignements nécessaires pour arriver à la connaissance de la vérité sur cette imputation grave. Le 4 Décembre, 1849, M. Gray a répondu à ma demande avec la plus grande obligeance; et c'est en partie à l'aide des documents obtenus de la sorte que j'ai pu établir, de la manière la plus évidente, l'innocence de l'employé dont la probité avait été mise en doute. Dans la circonstance en question je n'ai donc eu que des remerciements à faire à M. Gray; et je crois devoir ajouter que dans toutes les occasions où je me suis trouvé en relations, soit avec ce naturaliste distingué, soit avec les autres officiers du 'British Museum,' j'ai éprouvé les mêmes sentiments. J'ai toujours vu ces savans désireux de rendre les collections confiées à leur garde le plus utile possible aux progrès de la science, et disposés à accueillir avec bienveillance les personnes qui avaient des études à y faire. J'ignore l'usage que vous désirez faire de ces renseignements, mais dans l'intérêt de la vérité, je n'ai pas hésité à vous les donner.—J'ai l'honneur d'être, &c., MILNE-EDWARDS."

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.—Admission from Eight till Seven o'clock. One Shilling; Catalogues, One Shilling.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at the Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at the Gallery, 33, Pall Mall West.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.; Season Tickets, 5s.

JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—THE GALLERY with a Collection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS and deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN daily from Ten to Six.

Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

HOLMAN HUNT'S GREAT PICTURE.—THE EXHIBITION of Holman Hunt's celebrated Picture of 'THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE,' begun in Jerusalem in 1854, and completed in 1860, is NOW OPEN to the Public at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond Street, from Twelve to Six.

GERMAN ACADEMY OF ART, EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—THE FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS and WORKS of ART by the most eminent living German masters, selected from the Royal Academies at Berlin, Düsseldorf, and Königsberg, is NOW OPEN from Ten till dusk.—Admission, 1s.

WILL OPEN THIS DAY, EXHIBITION OF THE EIGHT HISTORICAL PICTURES, painted by WILLIAM BELL SCOTT for Sir W. Calvely Trevelyan Bart., illustrating the History of the English Border.—Building the Roman Wall, 'St. Cuthbert the Hermit,' 'Venerable Bede,' 'The Descent of the Dove,' 'The Spur in the Dish,' 'Bernard Gilpin,' 'Grace Darling,' and 'Our Own Day.'—French Gallery, 135, Pall Mall.—Admission, One Shilling.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED, WITH MR. JOHN PARRY, will give their entirely New and Original Entertainment, OUR CARD BASKET and the TWO RIVAL COMPOSERS, every Evening (except Saturday), at Eight o'clock. Thursday and Saturday afternoons at Three o'clock, at the ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.—Unreserved Seats, 1s. 2s. 3s. Stalls, 3s.; Stall Chairs, 1s.; can be secured at the Gallery in advance, and at Messrs. Cramer, Beale & Co.'s, 2/7, Regent Street.

POLYTECHNIC.—The immense variety of Entertainments afforded at this Institution are exciting great attention and interest. They include Mr. GEORGE BUCKLAND'S SECOND VOLUME of his Humorous, Pictorial and Instrumental Entertainment on SCENES and INCIDENTS in ENGLISH HISTORY, and the impassioned Performance of "LE PETIT MUSICIEN," a youthful Flautist, aged Eleven, who is nightly encircled in his Solo.—The Scientific and other Entertainments as usual.—The New Picture-Gallery is now open, and affords great facilities to Purchasers. Open Morning and Evening.

JOHN S. PHENÉ, Managing Director.  
Polytechnic Institution (Limited), 309, Regent Street.

## SCIENCE

*The Past and Present Life of the Globe; being a Sketch in Outline of the World's Life-System.*  
By David Page. (Blackwood & Sons.)

Mr. Page is favourably known as the compiler of three or four useful elementary geological books; each of which we have noticed in due order of appearance. Together with the one now published, they form a serviceable series for primary instruction. The present volume, however, has somewhat higher pretensions than its predecessors, and is more readable continuously than any one of them. Its plan presents no novelty, and is much the same as that of Prof. Phillips's recent work, 'Life on the Earth, its Origin and Succession'; but it is less technical and more lecture-like, and aims at a more graphic and elaborated style. While Prof. Phillips speaks as one having authority, Mr. Page speaks as one having a less-informed audience. The Oxford Professor gives the condensed results of wide research in paragraphs; the Edinburgh compiler puts those results on canvas and in colours, with a little too much aim at warmth and glow, but, on the whole, very pleasingly, and quite according to the rules of his art. Yet readers of such books as the present, who simply read to acquire geology, and not stilted style, may possibly wish for commoner terms and commoner sense than the author's when he affirms that "common sense homologates the affirmation," and that fossils "take intelligible rank and position in the great categories of existing Vitality," and again when he refers to "the insouciant of camel and giraffe." These strainings at verbal gnats never characterize a master of style. They are, indeed, small blemishes, but every popular writer should eschew them; they neither homologate with propriety nor insouciantly with simplicity.

In his graphic delineations of the vitality of the several geological epochs, Mr. Page proceeds in the usual order, from the oldest to the most recent, and contrives to introduce such passing, brief allusions to the Fauna and Flora of the respective periods as may impart to the whole a kind of cosmographic effect. Those who have visited moving panoramas,—the exhibitors of which have professed to conduct the quietly-seated spectator round the world, or over the Continent, or up the Rhine, or down the Danube, or anywhere else where the picturesque can be delineated or disfigured,—may conceive what a geologist would desire to effect in the present 'Sketches in Outline of the World's Life-System.' The objects are pretty much the same whoever is the painter. There are the same extinct animals, the same ancient vegetation, the same restorations and reconstructions of fishes and beasts and trees and herbs, and vast heaving and life-containing oceans, and desolate shores, and scanty, half-emergent lands, and fuming volcanoes, and all along the strands the same elegant shells and molluscs: the only question is, does the painter group the whole effectively, and give only the due effect to each detail in the grouping? Does he re-animate the whole scene pictorially and yet scientifically? Generally, we think, Mr. Page does so; and he cannot expect higher commendation.

The only interesting pages of this volume to those who already know what precedes them are found towards its conclusion, and refer to generalization respecting the past and present "Life-System" of our globe. Here we have brief and useful notices of the Origin of Life, Uniformity of Type and Pattern, Function, Distribution, &c. On the Introduction of New Life-Forms the writer observes:—

"In the Past Life of the globe we only see dimly and broadly the outline of a great scheme of gradation and progress—a progress on which we may rest as a matter of Faith, but the terms of whose Law lie far, as yet, beyond the grasp of exact scientific demonstration. In vain we turn to 'external conditions' and 'unlimited time'; to the doctrines of 'embryology' and 'morphology'; or to 'natural selection in the struggle for existence.' These are oracles to which theorists have often appealed, but they fail, as yet, to utter an intelligible response. That each of them has some portion of the mystery in keeping, all the tendencies of modern science do, no doubt, appear to indicate, but how much, and in what order of connexion, our highest determinations are little better than a train of ingenious guess-work. As far as geological evidence goes, all the great types of life began simultaneously and independently. All the subsequent introductions of new genera and species are but modifications of these types; but how, or by what process they were modified, science cannot tell, any more than it can account for the creation of the type itself. This much we know—if the geological record is to be trusted—that age after age new forms of life have made their appearance, differing in what naturalists would term generic and specific aspects, but still bearing to the great primal patterns, and to each other, certain definite and appreciable affinities; and as we are not entitled to place vital phenomena any more than physical phenomena beyond the pale of natural law, we are bound, in the spirit of philosophy, to seek inductively for the causes of these successive introductions. In the whole world around us we see nothing but the activities of secondary causes; and though Reason has yet failed to detect the mode in which new life-forms are produced, Faith may surely be allowed to believe in their generic connexion by some continuously operating law. To such a law science can give no satisfactory expression; and in the mean time the idea of New Creations is, if not the most philosophical, at least the most prevalent belief, just as it is the most convenient term, perhaps, whereby we can describe the phenomena in question. Instead of the term 'new creations,' some paleontologists, with a view to avoid an opinion, make use of the phrases, 'the first appearance,' and the 'introduction' of new races. Little, however, is gained by this evasion. If new species do enter upon the stage of being, and we cannot explain how or by what process they come, then they are to us, to all intents and purposes, *new creations*."

On the Development Hypotheses Mr. Page has condensed some sound and unanswerable argumentative information, in conformity, indeed, with our own line of remark. On this topic he writes with hearty good-will and a little bit of personal animus comes out in this sentence—"The 'Vestiges of Creation' which stands bastardized by the moral cowardice that shrinks from avowing its paternity."

The last two or three short sections of Mr. Page's book are those which we have read with most interest, and these are entitled, the "Term of the Human Race;" the "Influence of Man on the Future;" "Progression or Succession?" and "Onward and Upward." One passage may be cited as in the writer's best style. While many, with Agassiz, think that it can be shown by anatomical evidence that Man is not only the last and highest among the living beings of the present period, but that he is the last term of a series, beyond which there is no material progress possible in accordance with the plan upon which the whole animal

kingdom is constructed, and that the only improvement we can look for upon earth, for the future, must consist in the development of man's intellectual and moral faculties, Mr. Page replies:—

"It is true that man at present stands the crowning form of vital existence, but the facts of the past give no countenance to the belief that he shall remain the crowning form in future epochs. From its dawn until now the great evolution of life has been ever upward, geologically speaking (and be it borne in mind we are treating the question solely from a geological standpoint): shall it not continue to be upward still? We see no symptom of decay either in the physical or vital forces of nature; and so long as these forces continue to operate, mutation and progress must inevitably follow. Man's own history, physical and moral, has been one of incessant change and progress. The features of different races, their mental qualities, civil systems, and religious beliefs, have all less or more partaken of this mutation; and the difference that now subsists between the most intellectual, city-dwelling, machine-making Anglo-Saxons and the men of the old flint-implements and bone-caves may be infinitesimally small when compared with that which may exist between the noblest living nations and races yet to be evoked. Unless science has altogether misinterpreted the past, and the course of Creation as unfolded by geology be no better than a delusion, the future must transcend the present, as the present transcends that which has gone before it. Man present cannot possibly be man future. Noble as he may appear in his highest aspects, it were to limit creative power and arrest its progress to aver that man may not be superseded by another form still nobler and more divine. Physiologically, we cannot suppose that the homologies of the vertebrate skeleton have been exhausted in the structural adaptations of man: psychologically, we dare not presume against the correlation of a nobler intellect with a higher organization. On the contrary, in these ascending forms the divine idea of moral perfection, though unconceivably unattainable by created existences, may be nearly and more nearly approached, and stage by stage the loftiest and holiest aspirations of the present may become the realizations of the future. To speculations such as these, though lying fairly in the way of geological inquiry, science can do little more than merely indicate the line of reasoning; and if they shall be thought to involve any question as to man's religious beliefs and his hopes of a future life, on this point also science is mute, and defers with humility to the teachings of a higher philosophy."

This convenient volume may be safely recommended to all who have mastered the elements and technicalities of Geology. It has numerous small illustrations, which are generally neat and correct, but some few of them are inferior, chiefly the shells. By what unhappy mischance came one of the most elegant of fossil shells, the *Trigonia clavellata* of the Oolites, to be so miserably misrepresented as it here is? It is provoking to see so beautiful a shell, which might even serve for an Art-model, so pleasing are its curves and bosses, drawn as a misshapen and deformed production of nature.

#### SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL.—June 19.—L. Horner, Esq., President, in the chair.—J. Atkinson, Esq., Major Vicary, and Lord Rollo were elected Fellows.—The President made a communication on the part of the Council, that it is proposed to recommend to a General Meeting of the Fellows in November that the payments of future resident and non-resident Fellows be equalized.—The following communications were read:—"On the Lines of Deepest Water around the British Isles," by the Rev. R. Everest.—"On the Ludlow Bone-bed and its Crustacean Remains," by J. Harley, Esq.—"On the Old Red Sandstone of Forfarshire," by J. Powrie, Esq.—The Secretary gave a brief account of the discovery of an exposure of sandstone strata with two bands of clay full of calcareous nodules containing plenti-

ful remains of *Cocosteus*, *Glyptolepis*, and other fishes belonging to the Old Red Sandstone, in a burn about 2½ miles from the Manse at Edderton, Rose-shire, on the south side of Durnoon Firth. This information was contained in a letter from the Rev. J. M. Joass, of Edderton, communicated by Sir R. I. Murchison.—"On the Outburst of a Volcano near Edd, on the African coast of the Red Sea," by Capt. R. L. Playfair.—"Notice of the Occurrence of an Earthquake on the 20th of March, 1861, in Mendoza, Argentine Confederation, South America," by C. Murray, Esq.—"On the Increase of Land on the Comandul Coast," by J. W. Dykes, Esq.

ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—June 7.—Lord Talbot de Malahide, President, in the chair.—The Rev. I. L. Petit read a paper "On Circular Churches," which was illustrated by drawings in water colours taken by himself during a recent visit to the Continent. They exhibited more particularly the architectural features of Altenfurt, Grasse in Provence, Albenga, Montmajour, Peyrolles, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Nîmes.—Mr. E. Waterton contributed a paper, which may be considered as the principal object of the Meeting, since it set forth the History of Ancient Gems, and described the varieties in their workmanship so as to illustrate the collection of gems that had been formed in the apartments of the Institute, and of which we have already given a description. Mr. Waterton's dissertation was lucid and comprehensive. Those who heard it must have regarded the gems afterwards with a very different interest; but it was necessarily and almost entirely of an historic character. To speak passingly of individual examples was all that could be done; to point out their several beauties on so small a scale to a multitude of persons was practically impossible. Lord Talbot expressed the great obligations of the Institute for confidence and liberality to the numerous contributors of objects of almost inestimable value; and Mr. Octavius Morgan, M.P. gave some valuable information respecting the different natures of the materials employed, pointing out, at the same time, the inconvenient differences of nomenclature among mineralogists, and calling attention to the differences of value in the various stones selected by the engravers. The collection of ancient gems was found to be the most successful of all the gatherings of a special nature which the Institute has undertaken.

NUMISMATIC.—June 20.—Anniversary Meeting.—W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the chair.—The Rev. F. K. Harford, S. Sharpe, Esq., and W. H. Coxe, Esq., were elected Members.—The following gentlemen were elected as the Officers and Council for the ensuing session:—President, W. S. W. Vaux, Esq.; Vice-Presidents, J. R. Berge, Esq., and E. Hawkins, Esq.; Treasurer, G. H. Virtue, Esq.; Secretaries, J. Evans, Esq., and F. W. Madden, Esq.; Foreign Secretary, John Yonge Akerman, Esq.; Librarian, John Williams, Esq.; Members of the Council, S. Birch, Esq., W. Boyne, Esq., F. W. Fairholt, Esq., J. Lee, Esq., LL.D., Capt. Murchison, Rev. J. B. Nicholson, D.D., Rev. Assheton Pownall, J. W. De Salis, Esq., Hon. J. L. Warren, R. Whitbourn, Esq.

ZOOLOGICAL.—June 25.—Dr. Gray, V.P., in the chair.—A communication was read from Mr. G. F. Angas, Corresponding Member, dated from Collingrove, South Australia, April 19, 1861, containing notes on the Broad-fronted Wombat of South Australia (*Phascogale latifrons*, Owen), and a coloured figure of the animal taken from a male example living in the Botanical Gardens in Adelaide.—Mr. R. F. Toms communicated a list of the mammals collected by Mr. O. Salvin, in Guatemala, embracing twenty-nine species, amongst which was particularly noticeable a new form of American Muridae, proposed to be called *Myocorys Salvinii*.—Dr. J. E. Gray read some observations on the mammals obtained by Mr. Du Chaillu in Equatorial Africa, and described by that gentleman as new in the "Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History." The results arrived at by Dr. Gray were that but one species out of the fifteen described by Mr. Du Chaillu was really new to



science, namely, that named *Cynogale velox*, and that this had been wrongly referred to the genus *Cynogale*, being not a carnivorous animal, but a Rodent allied to the genus *Fiber*, for which Dr. Gray proposed the new generic term *Mythomys*.—A paper was read by Mr. G. R. Gray 'On the Birds of the Family Megapodidae,' giving a list of the known species and a description of some new species, together with an account of the habits of this remarkable group of birds and their geographical distribution.—Dr. Baird communicated a note on the occurrence of the entozoon called *Sclerostoma equinum* in the testicle of a horse.—Mr. J. Y. Johnson communicated a description of a second species of coral of the genus *Acanthogorgia*, from Madeira;—and notes of the sea-anemones of Madeira, as observed in the neighbourhood of Funchal. Amongst the latter were several species considered to be new to science.—Papers were also read by Mr. S. Hanley, 'On a New Species of Mollusk of the Genus *Pandora*,'—and by Mr. H. Adams, 'On a New Genus of Shells,' proposed to be called *Alora*.—The Secretary read letters from Capt. J. H. Speke, dated Zanzibar, relating to some animals collected in that island,—from Dr. Shortt, inclosing the skin of a snake found in India (*Daboia elegans*),—and from Dr. G. Bennett, dated from Sydney, and containing a notice of the habits of the Semipalmated Goose (*Anseranas melanoleuca*).

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—May 24.—The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair.—'On the Metamorphoses of Insects,' by Prof. J. O. Westwood.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mes. Entomological, 8.  
Royal Institution, 2.—General Monthly.  
Tues. Ethnological, 8.—Notes on M. Du Chailly's Explorations in Equatorial Africa, Capt. R. Burton.  
Fri. Archaeological Institute, 4.

FINE ARTS

ART IN LIVERPOOL.

WE have already referred to the failure of the negotiations to amalgamate the rival Art-associations at Liverpool. In giving a brief history of the proceedings, we distinctly stated that our materials for the account given were derived "from a Circular published by the Liverpool Academy of Arts, Old Post-Office Place,"—one of the belligerent bodies, and as such, of course, our readers received it. This was the only authority in our possession, and we heedfully pointed to its origin, that it might be received at its proper value. Some complaints have since reached us from the "Liverpool Society of Fine Arts," to the effect that the case was not fairly represented in our *precis* from the Circular, for, being without comment, the "Gossip" we published was nothing more. Our Correspondent, the Honorary Secretary of the "Society," says, "that it did not form any part of the proposal of the negotiators, that the Academy and their friends should be rendered liable for the debt of the Society of Fine Arts, balance of expenses incurred when the Society was established; and that the onus of rejecting the proposals for union, and of continued disunion, rests entirely with the Academy and their friends, who declined to ratify the proposals adopted unanimously by their own representatives in conference with the Mayor and the other negotiators." We did not report a suggestion that "the Academy and their friends" should be rendered liable for the Society's debt, but that it was proposed by the Society that the "amalgamated" body should assume it,—a somewhat different thing, given in the very words of our authority. On turning to the Report of the "Society," which has since reached us, we find the following note to the suggestions given by their own negotiators:—"The Society of Fine Arts consider that this amount (700*l.*) should be carried to the debit of the new institution, because they are of opinion that their co-operation in lieu of competition is well worth that amount; as possibly one season of co-operation, certainly two, will liquidate the whole." As to the second objection, we gave the matter in the words of the Society, as quoted by both parties. We could have

no wish to throw the onus of rejection upon either, but simply stated that the one proposed a plan the other could not accept; and we gave the reasons, in the Society's own words, for their not doing so. As the safest means of doing justice, we will now do for the "Society" what we before did for the "Academy," i.e., make an abstract from their own Report, and leave the public to judge. In February last it was announced publicly that a committee had been formed for placing the Liverpool Academy on a popular and permanent basis. Apprehensive that the means employed might occasion some misconception amongst the amateurs of Art, and be prejudicial to a Society specially instituted for the purpose of securing a popular element in the management of Art-Exhibitions in Liverpool, some active friends of the Society instituted a canvass amongst the more influential patrons. While both parties were thus engaged, it was suggested that harmony might be restored, and the mayor invited delegates from both to meet, as they did, and the communications between those of the Society and their constituents are in substance as follows. The Academy's account we have already given. It was resolved that twenty-four non-professional gentlemen should be associated with the Academicians as Honorary Members, who should have the management of affairs and appointment of all sub-committees, and by publication of accounts afford the subscribers all necessary information regarding the financial and general affairs of the Academy. Hanging and prize-adjudging committees to consist exclusively of artists. The term "Academicians" to comprise the present Members of the "Academy," and such number of the Associates of the "Society" as the former may, for the purpose of the proposed arrangement, agree to elect. The second resolution states the desirableness that the Academy should, on its reconstruction, be free from liability, and recommends that the debt of about 700*l.* of the Fine Arts Institution, by the united efforts of the two existing institutions, by such means as may be devised by them, be liquidated. The Council of the "Society" accepted these resolutions; but the sub-committee of the "Academy" thought it necessary to call a meeting of the signers of the memorandum in behalf of that association, which repudiated its own agents, who had assented to them. It is but just to state that those gentlemen, according to the "Academy's" account, declared that they accepted the above resolutions only virtually and after expressing a doubt that the "liability question" would prove a stumbling-block. In fact, they seem to have acted as agents rather than as plenipotentiaries, and reported back to their authorizers, admitting candidly the fact that they were "very fairly met by all parties" on the negotiation. The Meeting, in rejecting these resolutions, proposed, as we said before, a new plan of accommodation, which, in its turn, was rejected by the "Council of the Society of Fine Arts," for the reasons and in the words previously quoted by ourselves. This final resolution, being communicated to the Mayor and the deputies on either side, they, in reply, expressed their regret that their functions had terminated without effecting anything. Thus, briefly, and as clearly as we can condense the somewhat confused Reports, we have stated the position of both parties in this unfortunate squabble. It may be well to state that, in our own opinion, the amended resolutions of the Academy do not, indeed, answer the purpose of securing a powerful non-professional element in the management of the Academy; for they would select twelve or twenty-four persons out of the signers of the memorials on both sides to be Honorary Members, without liability, from whom should be chosen four, two named by the Honorary Members, and two by the Academicians,—to these should be added a predominating Art-element, of course. Moreover, no *status* whatever is provided for the artists who are Associates of the "Society," or provision made with respect to the debt incurred by the Society (nor, indeed, any with regard to that of the Academy). We may point out also the justice of the remark occurring in the Society's Report, to the effect that it appears to them very unreason-

able to expect that the artists of the Academy will allow their proceedings to be controlled by gentlemen who decline to participate in the arrangement of those proceedings. The Council of the Society give a hopeful account of the prospects for the future from the nature of some valuable contributions promised for the forthcoming Exhibition, the determination to practise a general economy, and the plan of paying off the debt, which is in progress. Thus, we suppose, this matter must stand at present, although the dispute is most unfortunate, and, whatever either party may affect to believe, most prejudicial to the interests of Art in Liverpool. Could not some plan of arbitration by uninterested parties, say London artists and amateurs, be tried?

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Baron Marochetti is entrusted with the execution of the statues of Stephenson and Brunel which are to be placed in the gardens attached to St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. These works are to be of bronze, the sculptor selected having, it is asserted, declined to have anything to do with the commissions if they were to be executed in marble. It is understood that the committees report that they had no choice but to give these great works to Baron Marochetti, in preference to an Englishman, as they might have wished. This is good news, is it not, for our young sculptors? We should like to hear what strictness of inquiry has been made into their abilities to execute statues in bronze? Are Mr. Foley, Mr. McDowell, Mr. Woolmer, Mr. Noble, and Mr. Durham overburdened with commissions? We could name one or two more who have some claims to consideration. No wonder that our best sculptors refuse point-blank to have anything to do with competitions, and do not seek for their works places in the public squares, when Baron Marochetti, whose talents we do not impugn in the slightest degree, has, as now, three commissions for statues to be placed within a hundred yards of the Richard in Palace Yard.

We noticed the other day, in passing under the new bridge at Westminster, that on the cusps of the quatre-foil which fills in each spandrel of the iron arches there are certain preparations for attaching ornaments to them, and on inquiry learned that it is proposed to attach a little gilt shield to each cusp by way of ornament. Before this is done let us protest against the idea of such a thing. The bridge, architecturally speaking, looks unsubstantial enough already. The spindling piers of stone are not grave enough in character to dignify the design by any repose or solid arrangement of mass. The addition of little paltry gewgaws like those proposed cannot but make more apparent these shortcomings of design, and we earnestly trust that they will never be allowed to be added. The toy-like character of the somewhat similar appurtenances to the new bridge at Chelsea should be a warning of what will be the result of following the same meretricious taste. New Westminster Bridge will in all probability be a respectable construction, but one cannot in going down the river avoid making unfavourable comparisons between it and the bridges below. Hungerford, soon to vanish, with its wonderful span and grace—grave, stately Waterloo—even Blackfriars, stolid, tradesmanlike and ugly as it is, looks serviceable, and but for its feeble foundations would be so. The three fine spans of Southwark look splendid as works of Art, and London Bridge, the noblest of all,—worthy of Athens or of Rome at the best time,—a work which the more one looks at it the more we admire its dignity, simplicity, strong serviceableness and solid magnificence, fitly closes the line. Pray let us not have the trinkets to Westminster Bridge, and above all no coloured lamps or toys of any kind!—We write in fear of a certain green paint which appears on one arch; let us add a word against this, and beg that the well-chosen brown now upon the ironwork may remain.

In describing recently the alterations in progress and contemplated to Waltham Abbey Church we referred to a stained-glass window, by Mr. E. Burne Jones, as about to be placed in the east window of that edifice. Having had an opportunity of inspecting this, we gladly bear testimony to its high artistic merits, the more readily, as it seems

to us the designer has done much, in this and in the window previously mentioned as placed in Oxford Cathedral, to restore the ancient splendours of the art of glass-staining, and even added artistic qualities of great value to the ancient practice. At Waltham Abbey Church the window will shortly be placed in its proper situation. It is a Jesse window, embracing a novel method of treatment; consists of three upright lights, surmounted by a wheel-light, containing an interior circle with a figure of the Creator, with the globe in his hands, himself surrounded by angels, and behind him the bent rainbow of promise. Around this central circle are seven lobes in a circle, six of which, with fit emblems, some of which are highly poetic in expressiveness, indicate the labours of the creation; the seventh lobe bears a choir of adoring Angels. In the centre of the lights, beneath the circle at the foot, is placed Jesse asleep, with the tree of his descendants springing from his loins; round his couch are the symbols of the four Evangelists; on the boughs connecting the personages are, David with the bells, Solomon with a model of the Temple in his hands, Achaz adoring his idol, Rehoboam with a scourge, Josias with a scroll, Jecoonias and Manasses in captivity, naked and chained; then Hezekias holding a sun-dial. Above these a representation of the Crucifixion, and groups of angels. In the left-hand light are the patriarchs—Adam, with Eve, in the garden being tempted by the serpent; Noah, with a model of the ark, a dove, and a vine near him; Jacob, bearing a ladder and surrounded by sheep; Gideon, in armour, with a fleece and pot of fire; Joshua, with the sun and moon in his arms; Samson, with the bone of the ass; and Moses, with the Tables of the Law. On the right side are, Isaiah, holding the sun; Jeremiah, in captivity, rending his garments; Ezekiel, with the eyed-wheel of his vision; Daniel, with the lion and the rose; Habakkuk, with the book, and Malachi pointing to St. John the Baptist. The whole of these figures are designed with a genuine artistic spirit; but the great merit of the window is its quiet and rich luminousness of colour, got by the employment of pure harmonies of tint, and the introduction of a fine indigo colour in the flat background, which is admirably warm and varied, though deep and strong. Alone amongst modern designers for glass-staining, Mr. Jones seems to be able to combine the most subtle qualities of colour and strength, at the same time not forgetting the immense difference between the proper treatment of translucent glass and a picture *per se*. Messrs. Powell & Sons, of Whitefriars, have executed their portion of the work, as producers, with perfect success.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

**MUSICAL UNION.**—Halle, Lubeck, Wieniawski, Piatti, and Signor Delle Sedie, at the GRAND and LAST MATINÉE, July 1. The Grand Septet of Beethoven and Hummel, and Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 31. Violin and Piano Solos, and Vocal Pieces will be included in the Programme.—Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at Cramer's, Chappell's, Olivier's, and at Ashdown & Parry's, 15, Hanover Square. Doors open at Half-past Two, Concert to commence at Three o'clock. Members are requested to bring their Tickets. J. ELLA, Director.

**MUSICAL ART-UNION.**—Cherubini's Requiem; Gade's 'Erking's Daughter,' Romance, Violin, Mr. Blagrove, Beethoven's 'Song, 'No tamer' (with Violin), Mozart, on FRIDAY EVENING, July 5, at Hanover Square Rooms, at Half-past Eight o'clock.—Vocalists: Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Laura Barker, and Mr. Santley. The Orchestra and Professional Choir. Conductor, Mr. Klindworth.—Tickets at Cramer's, &c.

**SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI** has the honour to announce that he will give a MATINÉE MUSICALE, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY, July 1, to commence at Half-past Two o'clock precisely. Vocalists: Madame Catherine Hayes and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Signor Gardoni and Signor Gustave Garcia. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; Harp, Mr. Boleyn Reeves; Violoncello, Herr Lidell; Guitar and Concertina, Signor Giulio Regondi. Conductor, Signor Randegger. On this occasion Signor Giulio Regondi will play, for the first time, a New Concerto (M.S.), composed expressly for him by Moltke.—Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 7s. 6d.; to be had of the principal Musicians, and of Signor Giulio Regondi, 27, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.

**THE LAST MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT.**—On MONDAY EVENING NEXT, July 1, the DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT, and positively the LAST CONCERT of the Season, will take place at St. James's Hall, on which occasion the Programme will be selected from the Works of all the Great Masters.—Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Halle; Violin, M. Wieniawski; Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Vocalists, Miss Banks and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.—Sofa Stalls, 2s.; Balceny, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.; at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Cramer & Co.'s, 45, and Hammond's, Regent Street; Keith, Frowse, & Co.'s, 45, Chesapeake; and at the Hall, 25, Piccadilly.

**HERR LIDELL'S EVENING CONCERT.** at the Hanover Square Rooms, TUESDAY NEXT, July 2, at Half-past Eight o'clock.—Vocalists: Miss Banks and Madame Laura Barker, Mr. George Perron and Mr. Santley. Instrumentalists: Piano, Miss Arabella Goddard; Harp, Herr Charles Oberthur; Guitar and Concertina, Signor Giulio Regondi; Violoncello, Herr Lidell. Conductor, Mr. Francesco Berger.—Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 7s. 6d.; to be obtained at all the Principal Music Warehouses; at Herr Lidell's Residence, 42, Mornington Place, Hampstead Road, N.W.; and at the Rooms on the Evening of the Concert.

**MR. DEACON'S THIRD AND LAST SÉANCE OF CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC** will take place on THURSDAY, July 4, at 16, Grosvenor Street (by permission of Messrs. Colliard & Collard, commencing at Three o'clock.—Executants: Violin, M. Sainton and Mr. Clementi; Viola, Herr Bactens; Violoncello, Signor Perse; Pianoforte, Mr. Deacon.—Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Mr. R. W. Olivier, 19, Old Bond Street, W.; or of Mr. Deacon, 4, Duchess Street, Portland Place.

**MR. CHARLES HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS.**—The LAST CONCERT will take place, at the St. James's Hall, on FRIDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, July 5, to commence at Three o'clock.—Mr. Halle will play the last three Sonatas of Beethoven.—Vocalist, Signor Gardoni. Conductor, Mr. Harold Thomas.—Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balceny, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.; at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Cramer & Co.'s, 45, Regent Street; Olivier's, Old Bond Street; and at the Hall, 25, Piccadilly.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—To the eighth and last concert for the year was given a special interest by the re-appearance there of Prof. Moscheles. A more interesting event is hardly in our recollection. Many years have elapsed, we are informed, since this great artist has been heard anywhere in public,—yet it would not have been easy to guess this from any shortcoming in the performance of his admirable *Concerto* in G minor. If, here and there, the execution was less precisely finished than it might have been had he played in public once a month, the style was as grand as ever; and with more freedom, we fancy, than the player always used to display—since he was sometimes too over-solicitous for the utmost refinement. There is too little such music now-a-days; but if the performance was welcome, not less so was the honest and genial cordiality of the audience, warm to a degree which we do not recollect equalled, and calculated to shake the nerves of any one less confident in the mastery of his instrument and himself than our guest. On every account the *Concerto* was an event to remember with pleasure. Other portions of the concert could hardly fail to provoke less gracious thoughts and comparisons. The coarseness of the new band is gratuitous (because the *Concerto* was well accompanied), but Haydn's easy symphony, 'La Reine de France,' was so badly played, without point or delicacy, as to be nothing short of discreditable. Nor was it judicious so closely before the Pianoforte *Concerto* to have placed Beethoven's long Violin *Concerto*, especially in the hands of Herr Strauss.—Though meritorious and skilled in general in this work, his playing was dry and soulless: the weary *cadenza* introduced by him into the *Allegro* was singularly unlucky. Madame Guerrabella was one of the singers, a lady, as has been said, with good points and promise; but who stands in need of regulation, ere she can take a high place in the profession.

**MUSICAL ART-UNION.**—Though there was no absolute novelty at the second concert, the *Overture, ou Suite*, by Sebastian Bach, and the pianoforte *Concerto*, by Schumann, were all but new in London; both having, we believe, been performed only once. Both were welcome. The clear and characteristic beauty of the first-written, it would appear to be intimated by its title, in the French style, must always make it acceptable. The air, or slow movement, was *encored*—and no wonder!—Then, it was satisfactory to have a second opportunity of judging an important work by a modern composer whom a section of musicians here—as elsewhere—are doing their utmost to put forward. All sincere belief merits respect, though it may fail to convert us. With the best attention, we find ourselves colder after the second than we were after the first performance of Schumann's pretentious and confused work, for which Herr Pauer did his best. Never was variety in concerto-music more urgently wanted than at present. Our players will not—perhaps, because many of them cannot—for the moment return to the *Concertos* of Prof. Moscheles, valuable as these are.—To hear those by Beethoven and Mendelssohn ever and anew becomes almost impossible. Further, there is that assumption of depth and originality in Schumann's music which

is attractive to persons in a peculiar state of mind. To be incomprehensible is a sure means of producing an effect:—the vacant are mystified, the half-thinkers delight in occupying themselves with puzzles, not the worst pleased when the puzzle has no solution (since, were solution to arrive, their occupation would be gone). Who does not know the prodigious force and surprise of common-place courageously launched and adroitly disguised? Yet, there is not an idea in this *Concerto* by Schumann which is not trite and shallow. A *concerto* being by its very nature a piece of individual display—this perverse man has done his best to render the pianoforte part as difficult and as ineffective as possible, by the perpetual heaviness and intricacy of his instrumentation. There is a jargon abroad in which "finger-music" and "concealed melody" and "inner meaning" figure largely; and poor Beethoven's name is taken in vain—as if Beethoven ever wrote except on the argument of having something clear and beautiful to set forth! Too many of the new school are scholars who have this fact to learn;—but who prefer aping his aberrations and deformities as so many marvels, types and *indicia*. No amount of wrong notes played in Schumann's elaborate compositions would impair their effect, or could be detected unless the ear was guided by the eye. In brief, this ambitious music, with little exception, the ponderous and confused effort of a mediocre and obstinate man, in whose favour we have lived to hear Mendelssohn called "shallow."

**CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.**—Beethoven's Sonatas, Op. 54, and 78, are among the least known—perhaps it may be added, and least happy—of his pianoforte music; yet both have that vigour and decision of form which are sometimes wanting in his later works,—the former calculated to tax the most skillful of pianists as severely as if it were a pair of professed studies. The *finale* of it is in some sort a *replica* of the *finale* to the Sonata, Op. 26—but, of the two, it is the more harassing in its demands on lightness and evenness of finger. Op. 78, though as striking in its subject as anything from its writer's hand, has always given us an impression of disproportion, which is as hard to prove, perhaps, as to reason away; and which may have been in part suggested yesterday week by the fact of its being heard in close neighbourhood to one of Beethoven's most superb Sonatas,—that in F minor. On the latter, familiar as it is in its grandeur and passion, an article could still be written without trenching on the remarks already liberally offered by analysts and rhapsodists; but this must be left for other hands—ours can only put on record the remarkable excellence of its performance by M. Halle.—Next Friday will see the end of a task which has been carried through with an even and unflinching skill not soon to be forgotten.

Madame Sainton-Dolby's Concert on Saturday morning brought us another player of Beethoven's music in that promising young artist, M. Ritter,—who took the great Trio in B flat, and took it well. The French reading of this music, however, is somewhat too minutely precise. We have never heard a player less chargeable with affectation than M. Ritter; but some breadth and freedom of style were wanting to the *allegro* and to the *tango*. Nothing could be better than M. Ritter's playing of a *Veloc Impromptu* by himself.—Among other items to be noticed was an elegant setting, by M. Blumenthal, of the Laureate's 'Tears, idle tears,' and the re-appearance of Miss Anna Whitty, in whose favour many good reports have been forwarded to us. She has the style, but not as yet the completeness, of a singer. The uncertainty of her intonation may arise from nervousness; at present it impairs her performances in no small degree, and her attention cannot be too earnestly directed to its cure.—On Saturday morning, too, Signor Ciabatta, one of our most accomplished resident singers, gave an Italian Concert, with the aid of some of the best of his countrymen at present in London.

Mr. Benedict's concert, as usual, was spoilt by its length. Half-a-hundred pieces of music to be got through in four hours of a Monday morning!



—This is exhausting work, let the preceding day of musical rest have gone over ever so quietly.

—Among other matters spoiled by arrangements which render preparation impossible was that which should have been the main feature of the concert—the composer's own 'Undine.' That we like this *Cantata* need not be told,—and accordingly we do not like to hear in it a chorus—shy, weak, and false—and an orchestra *fumbling* over some of the most graceful and delicate passages. It was a mistake, too, to give the heroine's part to Mdlle. Tietjens, who not only sang heavily—her habitual style—but like one too much afraid of being wrong to be ever right. If this lady means to make her home in English music (as report states) she must unmake herself thoroughly. Possessing, as she does, one of the most magnificent voices, past or present—she is one of the least satisfactory artists we know, not excepting Mdlle. Cruvelli, not excepting Herr Formes—names only mentioned as proof that our superstitions in favour of a singer knowing how to sing are at least consistent.

On Tuesday morning *Madame Catherine Hayes* gave her *Matinée*;—in the evening that promising musician *Mr. John Francis Burnett* his concert with orchestra. His pianoforte playing is very good. Nothing less, indeed, for the moment, could render Mendelssohn's first *Concerto* acceptable, in spite of its beauty and brilliancy, so frequently has it been chosen of late, and by the very best pianists. We are hardly in a case to say whether it was owing to his instrument, or to the roughness of the accompanying orchestra, or his usual habits of finger, that there was some want of power and crispness of touch—the latter indispensable to Mendelssohn's music.—As matters stand, however, he is a decided acquisition to "the profession," which is becoming rich in the tone of intelligence, taste, (and, it may be added), manners of its younger English members. There is no doubt, with us, of a great future for Music in this country.

Those who are not tired of concerts must be apprised of an oversight made last week in regard to the entertainment given by *Mr. Summers* (himself blind) for those under like deprivation. With the exquisite artistic feeling of those whose knowledge of beauty must be "all ear" we have been long familiar. It is a theme nearly untouched—one to which we may return. The concert had an interest real—if somewhat sad, to those who have passed beyond the stage of idle curiosity.—Here, in these last days of this tremendous week, have we had the *Yorkshire Choral Union* coming up to Babylon, to show us how Leeds and Bradford and Huddersfield sing 'The Messiah.'

OLYMPIC.—*M. Rosier's* comedy, entitled 'A Trente Ans,' has furnished the foundation to *Mr. Horace Wigan* for a pleasant three-act piece, called 'The Charming Woman.' The French piece itself more appropriately names the heroine the *reasonable* woman. The triumph of reason over passion is the theme of the drama. The lady, here called *Mrs. Bloomy* (Miss Amy Sedgwick), and who in the course of the piece changes her name to *Mrs. Symptom*, is an intelligent widow, fond it would seem of doctoring people. A youth named *Alfred Ardent* (*Mr. F. Robinson*) falls ill at his uncle's seat in Leicestershire, and the widow finds it necessary to wait on his sick-chamber. The young man's gratitude ripens into love, and the lady herself is smitten. But *Ardent* is pledged to *Julia*, the ward of his uncle, *Sir Mulberry Matchem* (*Mr. G. Cooke*); and the widow agrees with the latter to restore matters to their proper position. And this she effects by pretending a rudeness of behaviour entirely out of keeping with his experience of her manner in his sick-room, but which he is led to believe was an illusion arising from delirium. In the second act, the widow is married to *Mr. Symptom* (*Mr. H. Wigan*), a gentleman of fortune who is always providing against fancied maladies, and who had seen in the lady not only the qualities of a good wife but those of a good nurse. Both parties are remarkably happy—the husband in the wife's medical attentions, and the wife in the

amusement of novel-writing. *Ardent* is also married; but the time arrives when their paths in life cross again, and *Ardent* fully understands the nature of the deception to which he had been subjected. He thinks himself, therefore, entitled to repair the loss which he had sustained by the imposition, and *Mrs. Symptom* has again to prove that she is a reasonable woman. The scene is in the hotel at Folkestone, and she endeavours to frighten her husband away from the place by getting up the report of an epidemic. To her dismay, he invites the whole party to his villa at Richmond; and she has accordingly to invent another plan, which makes the business of the third act. She writes a little drama, which she arranges to be acted by her guests, and so distributes the parts as to read a moral lesson to *Ardent*, and another to a *Mrs. Bitterbliss* (*Mrs. Stephens*), who makes her husband miserable by her unfounded jealousy. At the fall of the curtain both parties are supposed to be effectually cured. The new drama, which was throughout judiciously acted, was well received. The scenery by *Mr. Telbin* was beautifully painted and set, particularly the opening scene.

PRINCESS'S.—On Saturday a new drama, founded on a little French piece called 'Geneviève,' was produced under the title of 'A Homestead Story,' with some success. The "story" is included in one act, and is so simple as to present rather an idea than an action. *Sim* (*Mr. J. G. Shore*), an orphan boy, has been brought up by *Farmer Holly* (*Mr. Ryder*), and conceives a natural affection for his protector's daughter. The honest farmer approves the match; nay, more, rejoices in it, as it necessitates no change in the arrangements of the homestead. The guileless maiden is pleasingly enacted by *Miss Maria Harris*. The piece, slight as it is, serves its purpose of filling up the small portion of the evening not demanded by the severer drama; and is well placed upon the stage, being elegantly illustrated by a scene painted by *Mr. W. Telbin*.

On the same evening, *Byron's* tragedy of 'Werner' was performed, for the first time at this theatre for many years. *Mr. Phelps* supporting the hero with his usual power. *Gabor* was performed with great weight by *Mr. Ryder*, and *Ulric* by *Mr. Edmund Phelps*. *Ida Stratenheim* was represented by *Miss Rose Leclercq*, and *Josephine* by *Miss Atkinson*. The performance gave the audience evident satisfaction, and the actors were recalled at the fall of the curtain.

HAYMARKET.—With the return of *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews* to this house, 'The Overland Route,' by *Mr. Tom Taylor*, has re-appeared on the bills, with 'The Adventures of a Love-letter,' and the ballet of 'The Galician Fête.' To these have been added during the last week 'The Happiest Day of my Life' and 'Patter versus Clatter.' The audiences continue to be good, notwithstanding the summer season.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Wednesday evening, the French company now performing at this house, before slender audiences, produced a very effective little comedy, under the title of 'Le Gentilhomme Pauvre.' *M. Paul Devaux* sustains the principal part, that of the reduced gentleman, in a way to command the sympathy of the spectators. Mdlle. Thérèse played the daughter *Madeline* with great delicacy and beauty. *Madame Leduc* had a capital part as the rich widow, which she interpreted with excellent effect. But the interest centred in the acting of *M. Devaux*, and we regret that so genuine an exhibition of talent had not a better audience for its recognition.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—*Madame Lind-Goldschmidt* is to sing on Thursday next at a concert to be given at Dudley House for the benefit of the Society of Female Artists.

We are glad to see that *Prof. Bennett* has undertaken to compose some music for the Jubilee Concert of the Philharmonic Society to be held next year.

There is life in the old Catch-Club yet! At its centenary meeting, which was held yesterday week, two prizes for new glees were awarded: the first to *Mr. Cummings*, the second to *Mr. G. Benson*. How long is it since a new "catch" has been written worthy of a prize!—if written at all!

A *Conversazione* will be held by the *Musical Society* on Wednesday evening the 3rd of July. A misprint which last week assigned the 8th as the date of the third concert of the *Musical Art Union*, must be corrected. The day is Friday next, the 5th.

The *Metropolitan School Choral Society* publishes a complaint of loss to the amount of 150*l.* incurred by the late performance for its benefit at the Crystal Palace, and ascribes this falling off to the "Sunday movement," which has been exciting attention there during the past month. We have always fancied that entertainments of this sort might be overdone. The popularity of the one in question may have been "put out of joint" by *M. Blondin's* terrific exercises; but we hear that "the season" has generally not been profitable to any of the old societies—whereas new monster performances of favourite works, on which vast sums have been expended (as, for instance, 100*l.* to a principal *soprano*), have been given to the empty benches of Exeter Hall. These things portend the necessity of a wisdom and enterprise in council too much disregarded. The old practices, the old fashions, the old solemn circumlocution of committees, are as much behind their time in musical as they are in military or Indian administration. The public is beginning to think and to discriminate, and its waking (in no respect to be confounded with weariness) is sure to give trouble to managers and to influence treasuries.

A new "diversion" (to borrow *Horne Tooke's* title) by that thoughtful and ingenious musician, *Prof. Moscheles*, with which we have made acquaintance—is worth a paragraph. It appears that he has not thought it sacrilege to do what other men of mark have done,—namely, to meditate on the Preludes of *Sebastian Bach*. He has glossed some half-score of these by adding a part for either a second pianoforte or a stringed instrument, with a felicity and science which are most remarkable. Nothing can be well more suggestive than to hear them, first in their original form, and afterwards with the added ideas which have been suggested. The wise world will be thrown into fits by such a *tour de force*; but it would be wiser if it recollected that amplification does not imply alteration, still less annihilation. The original score of 'The Messiah' remains, though *Mozart* did commit the sin of additional accompaniments. For our own parts—while respecting the ancients as deeply as our neighbours—all these things, when well done, whether they be done by one named *Mozart*, *Mendelssohn*, *Moscheles*, *Molique*, or *Gounod*, are only so many tributes to the richness in idea of our ancestors, and so many protests against that grudging and narrow pedantry which calls itself orthodox.

The following report of a concert lately given at New York (copied from the *New York Musical Review*) will amuse our readers:—

"The concert, given by *Miss Carlotta Patti*, was also very successful, as the papers say. There was also a good deal of singing by *Madame Strakosch* and *Messrs. Brignoli and Darli*, done in the usual style, which is not always to our taste. *Miss Patti* sang well, better than we have heard a good many renowned singers do it—better than often her sister did, the present pet of the London public. But what she cannot do, as yet, is—trilling. The trills in the *Solero* of the 'Sicilian Vespers' presented some very curious and vacillating outlines, which might be called shaky, but which were by no means those of a regular artistic trill."

Paris, like London, seems going through its discipline of fiery heat, thunder-storms and rain just now, and accordingly there is not much music or drama to talk about. *M. Theodore Ritter's* one-act comic opera, 'Marianne,' appears to have come and gone.—A new manner of lighting the stage has been tried at the Grand Opéra, which seems in nothing more successful than in averting all possible danger from those who appear on the stage.—'Alceste' is promised there for August—read September.—Signor Stanziari is dead, and has died young.—an Italian pianist whose promise for the future was well known in certain

circles.—It is curious to observe the forcible efforts now in progress to wedge 'Les Troyens,' by M. Berlioz, into the Grand Opéra. Will the story of this work be a second tale of 'Tannhäuser,' or will France make a success for its transcendentalist as great as was the failure of the German transcendental opera,—also forced in there by a wedge? Solemn assurances are abroad that the composer's manner has undergone a complete modification,—but the same were current as 'The Flight into Egypt' was produced;—and we confess to entertaining doubts on the subject from having observed with surprise the sincerity of self-delusion with which M. Berlioz repudiates all connexion with the new school to which he so distinctly belongs. That he is richer in idea than Herr Wagner cannot be questioned. In his 'Collini' and his 'Faust' there are many good subjects concealed with an ingenuity as perverse as it is curious. He is a master of orchestral sonority;—but (to judge from his works) he shares with the transcendentalists in disdaining Beauty as mere superficial triviality, and in using eccentric means and appliances which are only original because they are uncouth. Unless these habits have been thoroughly laid aside, we fear that whatever nationality may do, however influence may be brought to bear,—'Les Troyens' can hardly look for a great success from the audience that rejected 'Tannhäuser.'

"To tourists"—There is to be a North-German part-singing festival, on the Johannisberg, near Bielefeld, in Westphalia, on the 26th, and two following days, of July.—A musical festival is to be held at Antwerp some time in August.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Mr. Ewart's Act for the City.*—It seems another opportunity will at last be afforded the citizens to decide on the question of adopting the Public Libraries Act, 1855, for the City of London. The Lord Mayor has convened a public meeting of such persons as are rated to the Consolidated Rate, on Thursday, the 11th of July, at twelve o'clock, at the Guildhall. The Libraries Act is an amended act, and by a special clause (24th) the City of London can adopt it. To carry it, the assent of two-thirds of the rate-payers present at the meeting is necessary. A simple majority is not enough. The act is pre-emptory on this point; and as no poll can be demanded, it is obvious the friends of popular education and progress in the City must make a vigorous effort, or the old "cry," "We are taxed enough already," will prevail, as in November, 1855, and cause this permissive, and not compulsory, act to be again rejected. Mr. Ewart's act has been adopted in twenty-three towns and in one parish (St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster), and has given the greatest satisfaction to all classes of the people. Some of the wise men of the East need reminding that it is better for the rate-payers of the City of London that their money should go for libraries than for prisons,—for the supply of books and newspapers, not for the support of paupers. The City ratepayers have to pay heavily for police prisons at Holloway and elsewhere, and for so-called "Unions." Their new Lunatic Asylum cost 50,000*l.* Plenty of institutions for the punishment, not one for the diminution, of crime and poverty. I admire the voluntary principle in some things, but I ignore it in this matter. No purely voluntary plan of support would do for the London Free Public Reference and Lending Libraries and News-Rooms. The attempt was made at Gloucester Place, Marylebone, to establish a free library by voluntary contributions. After a short struggle, it disappeared. You may create, but you cannot sustain or maintain, free libraries or news-rooms by the subscription or donation plan. I will only add, the "more taxation" cry is a mere howl or lamentation, set up by *soi-disant* "friends of the poor rate-payers," in order to obtain a little fleeting popularity.

MATTHEW FEILDE.  
Free Library Committee, 24, Cornhill, June 26.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—C. W.—H. W.—M. L.—H. J.—Octogenarian—H. R.—A. G.—W. C.—F. C. H. G.—R. W.—E. W. B.—J. B.—L. E. D.—H. L. N.—J. A.—received.

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40	1 1/2	3 1/4	4 0	4 0	40	0 7 3/4	1 4 3/4	0 13 3/4	0 13 3/4
50	2 0	4 1/4	5 0	5 0	50	0 7 3/4	1 4 3/4	0 13 3/4	0 13 3/4
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